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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LIV · No. 1379 SATURDAY · 17 AUGUST 1957 NINEPENCE

LIFE & LEGEND
Malcolm Muggeridge

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COVENT GARDEN
J. P. W. Mallalieu

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Pollution and Polio

THE universal fear of poliomyelitis is due less to the deaths which it causes – the number of fatal cases in one year is usually less than 500 – than to the visible results in some of the far larger number of those sufferers who survive. Most of us know personally or by sight some man, woman or child paralysed to a greater or less degree by this disease. It is not a new disease, but because it has occurred in Great Britain in epidemic form only since 1947, because children make up two-thirds of its victims and perhaps because doctors themselves are not entirely agreed on the theory and practice of controlling the infection, it has a unique popular reputation for mysterious evil. So in epidemic years such as this there is a spate of wise and foolish suggestions for its prevention and treatment.

At the moment the seaside resorts are disturbed by the idea that infection may be acquired by bathing in water polluted by sewage. It is a reasonable thesis, which is now being investigated by an expert body appointed by the Ministry of Health. Poliomyelitis is a disease of the late summer and autumn, the bathing season. Some children have undoubtedly developed poliomyelitis after bathing. Every patient with the disease and most of his intimate contacts in family and school excrete the virus in their faeces, and it is not surprising that the virus can be detected in the sewage of every large town where the disease is prevalent. Almost every seaside town discharges its crude sewage into the sea without any treatment. It has been calculated, for instance, that each yard of the Lancashire coast receives forty large bucketfuls every day.

Poliomyelitis is not the only danger from this source. Typhoid bacilli have been found quite frequently in the water near resorts. The evidence is suggestive, but it cannot be conclusive until it can be shown that any case of infection is due entirely to sea-bathing and to no other possible cause – and that will not be easy. The cardinal fact is that for every patient who shows signs of the disease there are at least a hundred others who are, for a short time, sources of infection. From these and from the patient the infection spreads to those with whom they are in close contact and of these, once again, under one per cent. show signs of disease.

The evidence suggests that infection spreads by personal contact, is encouraged by overcrowding and poor sanitation and is most frequent among children. Food and drink may be implicated, but only as vehicles by which infection is passed from individual to individual, and evidence for this is scanty. Both infection without symptoms and overt disease are, at any rate when the disease is epidemic, largely matters of chance. Those likely to escape are those who have been infected at some earlier time, with or without obvious disease, and those children who have received preventive vaccination.

It is thought that certain factors besides childhood predispose to disease rather than to symptomless infection. One of these is fatigue, and for children at any rate swimming is an exhausting exercise. For this reason too much weight must not be given to those cases of poliomyelitis which have followed bathing. Besides, the disease afflicts many people who do not bathe in the sea or in fresh water. Seaside resorts, even though they foul their own beaches, are at the same time crowded with a mixed population, some of whom will bring infection from other parts of the country: in fact, bathing or no bathing, they are ideal centres for dissemination of a 'crowd disease' such as polio.

No one would care to say that poliomyelitis cannot be caught by bathing in polluted water. The question is whether this habit at the time of an epidemic carries an especial risk or one greater than that of living in a crowd containing a high proportion of children. To which we may add that the disposal of raw sewage into the sea is a relic from a period which knew nothing about bacteria and made little allowance for the growth of population or the taste for sea bathing. Since it is in any case disgusting and perhaps dangerous, the easy conclusion is that every seaside resort should at once adopt an improved method of sewage disposal. Unhappily the cost would be very large – more, indeed, than the Ministry or local authorities will willingly assume unless the risk to public health can be more clearly established than it is at present.

Comments on the Week's News

Strike at Lodz

The transport strike in Lodz raised serious problems for Mr Gomulka and his colleagues. They first tried to take the edge off the strikers' demands by offering immediate wage increases (though these do not satisfy the claims made by the strikers); they then sought to prevent the strike from spreading to other industries within Lodz, and to transport workers in other towns, and the police and military patrols, put under the personal command of the rehabilitated General Komar, had clearly been told to deal gently with demonstrators. The Polish government is making a genuine effort to restore some sort of shape and efficiency to the economy, which was grossly strained and perverted to the point of breakdown in the Stalinist period. But it is in a desperately difficult position: the release from the straitjacket of terror and bureaucratic planning has meant a falling-off of food supplies, industrial discipline and production. Having lived on the starvation line for so long, the farmers are consuming more and the working population wants to consume more – yet the resources are not available. The government knows the danger of pumping paper money into the economy: it does not have either the foodstuffs or the consumer goods to cover any substantial wage increases. It has, therefore, tried to give small but genuine advances to the worst-off workers. No workers like to wait upon increases in production, but the Polish workers above all must feel that such appeals sound preciously like the Stalinist promise of bread tomorrow. Gomulka's main problem is to persuade them that this time it is not a confidence trick.

Three Wise Men?

Mr Thorneycroft may believe that he has done something useful by setting up the three-man Council on Price, Productivity and Incomes, but until it is translated from an airy imagining into a working committee it is hard for anyone else to come to conclusions about it. The three wise men, Lord Cohen, Sir Denis Robertson and Sir Harold Howitt, are all estimable persons, but as men experienced in public life they must be embarrassed by Mr Thorneycroft's attempt to present them as impartial experts. There is no such animal in the economic jungle – or if there is, it is an emasculated beast without power or significance. What is this Council to be impartial about? The facts of the economy? But these are already known: what matters is the interpretation be put upon them. And any simplification is bound to be partisan – even if its assumptions are inarticulate. This, of course, is what Mr Thorneycroft wants. He would like to be able to argue that because independent experts agree that earnings are rising faster than production, wage claims ought therefore to be limited or abandoned. The experts would give an air of authority to this manœuvre that Mr Thorneycroft's inept performances lack. But it would be possible to draw a quite different conclusion. Perhaps the reason that production is stagnating is to be found in the financial policies followed by Mr Thorneycroft and his colleagues. It is not surprising that the trade unions refused to be drawn into sponsorship of this strange Council: it is the business of government to make up its mind what economic policy is needed, and to accept responsibility for it.

The Secret Treaty of Sib

Now that the Arab League (including our ally, Iraq) has decided to raise the Oman issue on the Security Council, the British government will be required to state the legal basis on which our forces intervened. This may not be easy. From the start, Mr Selwyn Lloyd admitted that we were under no treaty obligation to help the Sultan. It now appears that the Sultan himself may have been acting *ultra vires*. His rights in Oman are defined by the Treaty of Sib, drawn up in 1920 by the then Sultan and 18 Omani chieftains, including the Iman. The treaty was witnessed by the British Resident and registered with the Viceroy of India; but Britain was not a signatory, and on these grounds the Foreign Office declines to publish the text. The Sultan is equally reluctant; indeed, he says that the treaty was invalidated by the Iman's actions in 1955. The Arab League maintains that the treaty recognised the independence of the Imanate; but this claim is implicitly weakened by the League's previous refusal – possibly under pressure from Saudi Arabia – to admit Oman as a member. What seems certain is that the treaty, in return for formal recognition of the Sultan's suzerainty, gave the Iman and his colleagues some form of autonomy. The vital question is: how much? And in particular, did it include the right to grant mineral concessions? If so, three conclusions follow: (1) the Sultan himself broke the treaty in 1937, when he awarded the oil concession to IPC without consulting the other signatories; (2) the Iman was therefore entitled to withdraw his recognition and is not now in rebellion; (3) IPC has no legal right to drill for oil at Fahud or anywhere else in Oman. Since (1) is the ostensible and (2) the real reason for British intervention, it is essential that the treaty be published immediately or at least that the government should give a clear indication of what it contains.

Progress in Uganda

In 1958 something approaching universal adult franchise will be introduced in the first direct elections in Uganda. This is the significant innovation contained in the electoral proposals just approved by the Legislative Council. It is true that these elections will be communal and will operate to choose only the 18 Africans on the representative side of the House. The other 12 representative members, European and Asian, will continue to be appointed by the governor on the recommendation of their own communities. And these 30 representative members are balanced, on the official side of the Legislature, by an equal number of officials and government nominees, with the governor in the chair. Despite the fact, therefore, that the Africans have parity in the House with the other races combined, it will be impossible for the 18 African members, now to be elected, to hold a dominant position in the Legislature. But the important thing – and important not only for Uganda but for all East and Central African territories – is the franchise. The occupation of land for agricultural purposes, or simple literacy in the native tongue, or an income of £100 a year – these are some of the easy tests which will, it is officially estimated, admit about 80 per cent of African men and 20 per cent of African women to the vote. Next month the Legislative Council will be asked to approve plans for the direct election of all representative members on a common roll and a similar franchise for the elections of 1961.

Who Shall Own New Towns?

While the New Towns were in the early stages of construction no one was greatly concerned about the ultimate disposition of the assets at present controlled by the development corporations. It was broadly assumed that the local authorities should take over the assets and liabilities as the construction programme came to an end – and in this case, municipal ownership would fit neatly into the pattern of Labour's new housing policy. But, as parliament rose, Mr Brooke announced that he proposed to set up a new central body to take over New Town assets as the corporations are wound up. This is an arguable proposition. If this new authority is simply to be a large-scale landlord, diverting surpluses from New Town revenues into the Treasury, it would be undesirable. If, however, it were to be charged with development functions as well, so that incomes from New Town properties could be used, first to make up for the austerity-imposed deficit in community amenities, and secondly to help finance other projects under the New Town and Town Development Acts it might become a useful planning adjunct to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. For what is needed is a powerful top-level agency which will stimulate more New Town schemes, retaining the accumulated skills and experience of the corporation staffs, and perhaps directing other and more flexible devices such as that suggested by the Town and Country Planning Association – a regional development corporation to supervise the expansion and re-shaping of the small towns of East Anglia.

Confidential?

The prosecution for criminal libel of the magazines *Confidential* and *Whisper* by the State of California has thrown a lurid light on the 'social McCarthyism' which has brought such handsome returns to unscrupulous American publishers in recent years. It has also illustrated the difficulties in stamping it out. Peeping Tom magazines undoubtedly respond to a public demand; *Confidential*, although banned from the US mails, sells three million copies on the news-stands, and there are more than fifty others in the same line of business. 'People', one of their publishers stated recently, 'are tired of the pap and phoniness they are fed in many magazines, papers and TV. They want to see public figures exposed. Sure, I know we're not doing anything socially constructive as the old muckrakers did. But times are good. This is the form of protest literature in prosperity.' Such publishers can often protect themselves from individual libel suits, as the trial has showed, by employing prostitutes as *agents provocateurs*, and by using miniature tape-machines and cameras to obtain blackmail material against prospective litigants. Hollywood, the prime source of *Confidential's* copy, tried desperately to get the state to drop the prosecution, and seems powerless to protect itself against this new form of slander. As one of the sufferers stated, 'Clean living is the only safeguard'. There are now rumours that one of these publications plans to put out an edition in Britain.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Dual Festival

Our Moscow correspondent writes: The impact of the world youth festival on the Soviet people has been considerable, greater perhaps than on most of the 30,000 young visitors from abroad. The 'one world' concept which dominated the fortnight of international concerts, get-togethers, romps in the Kremlin grounds and earnest seminars has been firmly lodged in millions of minds. It is an important factor in the new outlook which Krushchev seems to wish to plant in the soil so soured by Molotov's obsession with the 'two camps' dogma. The festival organisers leaned over backwards to avoid political controversy. It was the Russians who were most embarrassed when an Indian economist, a Congress supporter, delivered a disgruntled, old-fashioned anti-British speech at one of the students' seminars, and there was much sympathy for the LSE student who raised his voice for England by citing the example of Ghana. Even on so broad an issue as the H-bomb the rancour was taken out of a Hiroshima day mass meeting by giving it the character of a solemn affirmation of the desire for peaceful co-existence. On a lighter level, the evening of 'Colonial Peoples Solidarity' turned out to be an immense jamboree where speeches were drowned by the music of jazz bands. The Arab world chose to assert its rights by the mere fact of the presence of its representatives at all functions; Nasser's portrait was seen but once—it was carried into the Lenin stadium in defiance of the organisers—and to most people the high-spot of Egypt's showing was a supple performance by a belly-dancer on a stage set up in the Kremlin just below the window of Stalin's room.

The sceptical may say that this deliberate absence of propaganda was itself a most subtle form of propaganda. Maybe they are right, but they should not overlook the effect of the festival on the Soviet people themselves, who were drawn into the event from the moment the first train-load of participants entered beflagged Brest: their interest became so great that traffic in several square miles of central Moscow was completely disorganised every night for a fortnight. During that period Russians by the tens of thousands did things they had never dreamed of doing or never dared to do. Habits were formed that are likely to last. People discussed in public at impromptu street meetings fundamental questions of civil liberties, not only with foreigners but—and this is much more important—among themselves. Few foreign participants left Moscow without seeing the inside of a Moscow home. There were, in fact, two festivals in Moscow, of which the second, the unorganised event, will prove to be the most potent in affecting Russian minds. You could see this most clearly in the contrast between the official seminars and the spontaneous meetings. In staged debate the Russian spokesmen declined to be drawn into any real discussion on such ticklish questions as freedom of the press or abstract art; but in the street, the parks and the art galleries much frank and profitable argument went on. Officially, for example, the paintings of the British artist Derrick Greaves were dismissed in a few fatuous and irrelevant phrases. Referring to a painting of Italian peasants, *Soviet Culture* wrote that no artist who eats bread has the right to paint peasants in such a brutal manner. But before the paintings in question there were rarely less than a hundred young people arguing fiercely among themselves.

Under the circumstances British participation in the festival was surprisingly representative, far more so, it is said, than at any previous gathering of this nature. Armed with British Council pamphlets, Labour and Conservative supporters preached the truth about the welfare state at many of their meetings with Russians and the East Europeans. There was not a glimmer of Socialist Realism in the British art exhibition, the jazz bands played uncompromisingly in public places and at factory clubs, and Jimmy Porter flung his scorn from the stage of the Art Theatre to audiences mainly Russian.

Bonn

Half-time

A Correspondent writes from Bonn: Half-way through the election campaign there are no signs of political enthusiasm anywhere. Maybe when the holidaymakers return home and the farmers have gathered in the harvest there will be a change from the present apathy. Most of the politicians have had very quiet, poorly-attended meetings, in which clashes of opinion have been very rare.

Adenauer has few rivals at oversimplifying issues for immediate ends. He makes plain statements on the most complex issues, and the average voter is left with the feeling that his Chancellor knows all about all things and can be trusted to carry on for another four years. This is in marked contrast with so many Social Democratic statements which, though often honest attempts to put the party viewpoint clearly, are qualified by so many 'ifs' and 'buts' as to leave the non-party man with the worst impression—that of unsureness. Adenauer has been quick to seize upon this and turn it to advantage.

The Chancellor obviously feels things are going so well that he has begun to launch out into prophesies, especially in foreign affairs. The voter is warned about the trouble in store for the country if the present coalition does not get back to power. The US is told of the possibility of attack from the USSR. And Nikita Krushchev's days are numbered. Naturally, Adenauer tells journalists that they do not know this, because they do not have his (Adenauer's) sources of information. But as a prophet, the Chancellor is not so much heeded, especially since so many recall how after his 1955 visit to Moscow he returned to give the 'startling' information that the USSR covered one-sixth of the earth.

Over-the-Brinkmanship

Unfortunately, the SPD cannot counter Adenauer in the popular imagination. They and the Free Democrats stress that a new victory for the present government coalition can mean the 'end of the second attempt to erect in Germany a democratic state'. This, however, is not likely to lose the Chancellor many votes, even though it is an opinion shared by many outside these two parties. Most people want an Adenauer victory—but only such a majority as will make him more heedful of parliamentary democracy during the next four-year period. This may seem a contradiction in itself—but there it is.

The attacks upon the Adenauer government by Krushchev and other Soviet leaders have given some people the idea that the USSR wants to see a Socialist victory on 15 September. Especially if to this is added the fact that the Communists inside the Federal Republic have been told to vote SPD since they have no party of their own in the list. Such an idea is too naive. If Krushchev wanted to help the SPD, he would have at least paid lip service to negotiations for reunification. Instead, he has categorically rejected it on any but his own terms, thereby supporting Adenauer's contention that the Kremlin will never yield on this subject. In fact, it seems that the USSR is primarily concerned to prevent reunification, and believes that nobody can help more to this end than the present Chancellor. Moreover, the Communists do not forget that it was Kurt Schumacher and the present SPD leaders who, in 1946-7, prevented the German working-class movement from following the line of Otto Grotewohl: on 26 July, an East German spokesman, Herr Girnus, said: 'Everything must be done to prevent the SPD from winning the Bundestag elections'.

Paris

When Is Devaluation?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Gaillard, who is certainly the most energetic Minister of Finance France has had for a number of years, proved this week that he is also one of the cleverest. Immediately he got the agreement of the cabinet for his budget cuts, he produced an extremely ingenious solution for France's other major financial problem: the exchange rate of the franc. For several months the value of the franc has been well below its official rate. The government, by imposing special import duties and by subsidising imports, has in fact created several rates of exchange; and in practice this system has favoured French tourists, by allowing them to buy sterling or dollars at the official rate. M. Gaillard obviously wanted to change the system; his problem was that in France 'devaluation' is a dirty word. Every aspirant prime minister, in his investiture speech, promises 'to defend the franc'. Not so long ago, at the Socialist Congress at Toulouse, Guy Mollet was wildly applauded when he stated that 'the Socialists, whilst they are in power, will never allow devaluation, which would be purely and simply a crime against the nation'. Even more piquant is that M. Gaillard himself is said to have stated during the cabinet meeting which approved his budget cuts: 'I shall try and obtain foreign loans to solve our

balance of payments difficulties, but I will accept no conditions, either political or financial. To put it another way, I won't put Algeria in pawn, or hand over the franc as a hostage. And I will say that provided we continue the policies we have just agreed, there will be no need of devaluation.'

Three days later, M. Gaillard called a press conference to make a statement on 'the reform of the foreign payments system'. The reporters listened to him, asked questions, and then, when they were back in the offices, suddenly realised that M. Gaillard had announced devaluation without actually pronouncing the word. Put briefly, the new system gives a state bonus for all foreign earnings, commercial or financial, of 20 per cent, so that dollar exports, for instance, will be worth 420 francs per dollar instead of 350 as at present. Conversely, there will be a supplementary tax of 20 per cent on all imports. Since all import-export transactions are affected - except for certain raw material imports - these measures are tantamount to a devaluation of 20 per cent.

The press has taken M. Gaillard's hint and, with the exception of extreme left-wing papers, has avoided use of the word devaluation. Even *Le Monde* has congratulated M. Gaillard on having taken realistic steps to improve France's balance of payments position whilst avoiding the psychological shock of an official devaluation announcement. But although Gaillard has fashioned the two prongs of his financial policy - budget cuts and devaluation - with immense skill, they are still going to hurt. Prices, it is calculated, will rise from 8 to 10 per cent at least in the next few weeks. The holidays will help to blunt the violence of any protest by organised labour; but whether the unions will play along with the government will not finally be known until after *le rendez-vous de Septembre*. In fact, what M. Gaillard really has to do is to persuade the workers to put up with a 10 to 20 per cent reduction in their living standards until France becomes solvent again.

West Indies

Tearless Lament

John Hatch writes from St Lucia: Elections in British Guiana, the US base, a new constitution for Jamaica, the Federal state to be created next year; West Indians are concerned about all these issues. But what they are even more steamed up about is the future of West Indian cricket. When Norman Manley recently arrived back in Montego Bay from the London conference on the capital site the first words he heard were not, 'what are the Americans going to do with our site?', but, '142 all out, but we've got one of them down!'

There has been some criticism of the umpiring - and catches behind the wicket can always be heard better from 5,000 miles away; of the Test selectors; and of Fred Trueman's bumpers. Yet the West Indians unanimously agree that the better side won. They are generous in their praise of the English team, and, with their memories of Constantine and Martindale, openly admire the strength of the English fast bowlers. There is sadness that it seems that the day of the three 'Ws', Worrell, Weekes, and Walcott, is past, but a unanimous eagerness to see May, Cowdrey, Graveney, and Richardson over here.

It might be wondered whether West Indians are criticising the captaincy of their team as sternly as are the English critics. It might even be hazarded that there would be racial opposition to Goddard as a white man. Nothing is farther from the truth. John Goddard is not regarded out here as a white man, but as the victor of 1950.

West Indian cricketers are thus already looking to the future. Their first reaction to defeat is to plan for future victory. They realise that their greatest weakness is the seduction of their best players to the Lancashire League. Although this does not absent them from Test teams, it removes their experience and advice from these islands. There is thus widespread anxiety about the future contribution to West Indian cricket of Collie Smith, Garfield Sobers, Rohan Kanhai. The news that Smith is to go to the League has created as much despondency as the loss of the Test series itself. Government is being asked why a scholarship was not provided for him - for cricket here is a national interest - and, in fact, government was planning to offer him a scholarship. Renewed efforts have already been stimulated to bring out suitable English coaches, for West Indians are never too proud to learn.

Meanwhile West Indians are as near anger as this happy people can get over the disputed American base. They point out that they were never consulted on the cession of Chaguaramas to the Americans; and that Americans always claim never to overstay their welcome. Candidates are slowly being nominated for the federal elections of next March, and it is widely assumed that the Federal Labour Party must win. What is not sure is which of the leaders will go to the federation and which stay in their island governments. And over the whole political scene hangs the question mark of British Guiana. If Jagan finally comes out on top, will he work the constitution, will he try and wreck it, will he pursue his declared Stalinist philosophy, will Burnham rejoin him? Above all, will British Guiana, the largest and potentially the wealthiest of the British Caribbean colonies, eventually join the federation? These are stern questions which will affect the future life of the whole area.

Getting Used to Torture

On 26 July, an International Committee, formed of ex-inmates of Nazi concentration camps, which investigated, with the co-operation of the French Government, allegations against the administration in Algeria, published its report. Section VII(a) reads:

> The delegation is convinced that in a number of cases . . . army units, gendarmes, security police and constabulary treated suspects with various forms of ill-usage, including veritable torture (by electricity, hose-pipes, baths and hanging) in order to extract confessions and statements. . . . This conviction is based not merely on the quantity, precision, concordance and origin of statements made to them, but also on the fact that a government General Inspector explicitly admitted to the delegation that torture was used because it was the only means of obtaining information about projected acts of terrorism. . . .

The French government has made no attempt to refute the conclusions of this devastating report. On the contrary, most French newspapers have treated its contents as a vindication of the methods employed in pacifying Algeria. The French public has reacted with complacent silence. The few French journalists who continue to protest against these systematic, deliberate and tolerated violations of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights are prosecuted and their newspapers seized or suppressed entirely. Government spokesmen have replied to foreign critics by pointing to one of the concluding sentences in the report: 'The delegation received assurances that steps had been taken to prevent a recurrence of such errors as torture and the disappearance of suspects . . .'

It now appears, however, that at the very moment the delegation was conducting its inquiries, a Communist journalist, M. Alleg, was being subjected to the following tortures: electric shocks on the ear, fingers, belly, throat, genitals; burning with lighted tapers and cigarettes on the nipples, legs and genitals. Last week it was revealed that similar tortures were inflicted on M. Audin, a young science don from Algiers University, sometime in June. In neither case was a warrant of arrest issued. In neither is the present whereabouts of the man known, or even whether he is still alive. And the difficulties experienced by their wives in obtaining any sort of publicity for their cases - not merely deliberate obstruction by government authorities, but the seizure of newspapers which published details of their statements - make it morally certain that many other 'suspects', whose relatives are unable or afraid to demand redress, are being tortured in French prisons today. Indeed, Colonel Gardon, the French army's legal adviser, told Madame Alleg's lawyers that 'only reinforced interrogations could advance pacification'. In France, torture is no longer denied; it is defended.

How much better is Britain's record? The terrible details of the Kamau Gichina case are already familiar to readers of this journal. What is less well known is that last April, Mr Richmond, the District Officer concerned in the case, who was later dismissed as a result of it, has been appointed African Affairs Officer in Aberdare County, Kenya. When Mrs Barbara Castle protested that a man with such a record should once more be placed in charge of virtually defenceless Africans, Mr Hugh Fraser vented the irritation some Tories seem to feel for those concerned with human rights. 'Is it not dangerous', he asked, 'that the Hon. Lady and others should use the House of Commons for character assassination?'

Mr Lennox-Boyd's sensibilities do not appear to be any finer. After some difficulty, two Labour MPs forced him to make a statement last month on the case of Macheri Githuma, a detainee at the Gathigiriri Works Camp, Kenya, who died last January following an assault. The vital facts are that the leader of the assault was himself a rehabilitation assistant at the camp, and that the judge who sentenced him to 12 months hard labour expressed his opinion that his orders were carried out with the tacit approval of his superior officer. It also emerged that there had been 37 other cases of assault at the camp. What was the attitude of Mr Lennox-Boyd?

> *Mr Lennox-Boyd:* The Hon. Lady ought to see this in perspective. As the sentences suggest, these were only very minor cases of assault. . . .
>
> *Mr Paget:* When the Right Hon. Gentleman says these were minor offences, is he aware that the offence was that hard-core detainees in the camp who did not confess were tied by their hands some three feet from the ground and flogged with strips of rubber cut from tyres until they did confess? Is this a minor assault?
>
> *Mr Lennox-Boyd:* I was dealing with minor injuries. Only minor injuries were inflicted.

Doubtless the burns and shocks inflicted on M. Alleg would leave only 'minor injuries'. The

British people should beware of appeals to see torture 'in perspective'. The perspective has already unrolled itself in France: isolated incidents, left unpunished, gradually transformed into an organised system, which is then defended by the government practising it; and in the last stage punishment is reserved for those who denounce it. The most disturbing aspect of this voyage into barbarism is the gradual collapse of public opinion as a moral force. Today, few of the illusions we inherited from an enlightened 19th century remain; but of the many evil discoveries of the past 20 years, perhaps the most horrifying is that western nations can grow accustomed to torture. Are we losing, like the French, the primary safeguard of civilisation: the capacity to be shocked?

Lessons from the Ogre

THE appalling and heroic events on the north wall of the Eiger – to say nothing of six other, less-publicised but fatal Alpine accidents over the week-end – have raised once more the problem of mountain rescue, and of where the burden of its cost should fall. It is plainly unjust that it should be borne entirely by the guides, who are for the most part poor men and have a very short working season. Guides of three nationalities took leading parts in the Eiger operations, but if others, with families dependent upon them, refused to stir, can they be blamed?

The climbers themselves can rarely afford to pay. The severe routes, particularly, tend to be the preserve of the impecunious student, with nothing but his life to lose. The argument that he should be prevented from making such attempts is only advanced by those who know nothing of the climbing world. He can't be prevented, either physically or morally; the ever-harder route is a challenge each generation nerves itself to meet. This Eigerwand has always been a killer; seven died before the first successful attempt in 1938; now it is done with such relative frequency that young tigers talk about 'the normal route', and have given its corpse-haunted features affectionate nicknames, the Spider, the Ramp.

Well then, it will be said, climbers should take more care. In fact, compared to the happy-go-lucky pioneers of a hundred years back, they take a great deal of care. The technical difficulties of these routes are well understood, the equipment is elaborate. What they cannot budget for is a break in the weather. When you are climbing to the utmost degree of human capacity, you have no margin against the blizzard, or the covering of your infinitesimal holds with ice. You have no choice then but to die – or be rescued.

Then why not make all the climbers at a resort pay into a central rescue fund before they set out? That was tried by certain centres in the past, and it was always resented. The better-off mountaineers are the least likely to have accidents, if only because they can afford to employ guides. And while the guideless party on an easy route may fall into a crevasse, pulling it out again will not be anything like so complicated or costly as a rescue by steel cable on a major rock-face. A more equitable suggestion is that the centre, or the cantonal or federal governments, or perhaps all three combined, should defray the cost of a rescue service, much as seaside resorts here maintain a life-saving service on their beaches during the summer. After all, the Alps bring prosperity to Switzerland (and the adjacent corners of France, Italy and Austria); their hazards might therefore be considered a national responsibility. But the parallel with the seaside is not quite fair either. Virtually all the seaside visitors bathe, but real mountaineering, despite its big increase since the war, is still only practised by a minority. Most Alpine tourists confine themselves to walking on paths or ascending in cable-lifts.

It may seem an impertinence for British hillocks to make any recommendation to their mighty Alpine brethren, but it does happen that we have hit on an admirable compromise solution, which, like so many British achievements, was fortuitous and does us no particular credit. The RAF Mountain Rescue Unit was formed in the war, when many aircraft were coming to grief among the mountains of Snowdonia, and it has never been discontinued. Its primary function is still to help crashed aircrews, but it regards the rescue of climbers as good practice and is always glad to be called on. The airmen serving in it are volunteers, who go to it for a few months from other trades. Only the handful of officers and NCOs are permanent, and they have acquired an experience and ability which make them the equal of any professional guide. The training of troops in mountain technique must be a matter of far greater moment to the Alpine countries than to ourselves. Would it not (I ask in all diffidence) be possible to use troops in this way for rescue work, directed both by their own officers, and by guides with the necessary knowledge of local conditions, the expenses of one or two such guides in each main centre being met from a national fund?

But whatever else may be evolved, those of us who climb will cling fiercely to our belief that a climber ought to be rescued by other climbers. Some nonsense has been talked about the effects of mountaineering on character; it takes all sorts, bad as well as good, to make a mountaineer; but there is a solidarity among people who enjoy any inherently risky sport. It has always been the mountain tradition that when there is trouble, everybody turns out. You are tired at the end of your own day's climbing, but you pull on your boots again, trudge uphill in the dusk labour perhaps for hours by torchlight under the weight of the stretcher, and even to the thoughtless and the selfish the moral comes right home: *I'm doing this for him because one day he may have to do it for me. . . .*

As rescue work becomes more skilled, with more elaborate equipment, and a consequent saving in time and suffering to the injured, it is inevitable that professional help will be more frequently called in. But that must never become a reason for the rest of us to continue cosily round the hotel fire and wait for the paid rescuers to arrive. Whether in the Alps or at home, amateurs and professionals must achieve a collaboration; indeed, has achieved it; our few professionals, men like Geoge Dwyer in North Wales and Jim Cameron in the Lakes, are the mainsprings of amateur rescue teams in their districts. If we lose our sense of personal and individual responsibility, the most precious lesson of the mountains will have gone with the wind.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

NEXT WEEK

Was the Revolution Betrayed?
ISAAC DEUTSCHER writes on Trotsky

Sir Hartley Shawcross
Profile, with drawing by VICKY

Trouble in Covent Garden

THE Runciman Committee, which reported earlier this year on horticultural marketing, said of Covent Garden: 'It is a tribute to the patience and skill of all concerned in market operations that the market manages to work at all'. It seems that the dispute which, for more than four weeks, has all but stopped the market, has now been settled. But the prospect that Covent Garden, in its present form, will ever again work at all smoothly is not bright. For the market is one of Britain's commercial slums.

Long ago it overflowed from the 'dedicated' halls and created appalling congestion in the narrow streets nearby. From the early hours of each morning these streets have been jammed with lorries unloading the produce they have brought from the country or reloading the produce they are to take back to the country. It has been all the more difficult for the porters, pitchers and staffmen to get on with their work because they have had to cope with traffic besides their own.

For years there has been talk of rebuilding the market or moving it elsewhere, and perhaps because of this the tenants and owners have not thought it worth while to spend much of their profits on improving their premises. In consequence the market men have had to work in conditions which few other workers and no self-respecting factory inspector would tolerate for a minute. They have a dirty job; yet there are few washplaces and few lavatories and they describe some of the warehouses as no better than dungeons. But their complaints have not been limited merely to the physical conditions. They say that, up to the war, the employers in the market were among the most reactionary in the country. The employers called, and still call, their workers 'servants' and it is said that many of them in pre-war days treated their 'servants' as something like slaves, sacking them at will, particularly if they dared to join a union, keeping them hanging about, idle and without pay, for hours on end.

During the war the Transport and General Workers Union moved into the market in a big way, won something like a closed shop, and greatly improved the terms of work. But suspicion of the employers has remained, and the happenings of this summer have intensified it. The dispute had its origins in the request by the pitchers for an increase of pay. Since their last increase in 1947 the cost-of-living index had risen by 32 points. The Tenants' Association thereupon gave the pitchers three months notice to terminate existing agreements and asked for negotiations on a new scheme of work in the market. The Association wanted to merge the specialist porters, pitchers and staffmen into one grade, to be known as porters, who would carry out all the operations for the handling of produce in the market instead of strictly maintaining their specialist functions.

Discussions broke down on this point, the whole matter went to arbitration, and the arbitrator found in favour of the tenants. In addition he made a number of other findings, some favourable to the workers. After the award was published, the tenants presented the union representatives with a 17-page document and asked them to sign it forthwith. The union representatives refused, partly because they had had no time to study the document, partly because they had no authority to sign until it had been presented to their members. At a union meeting two days

later, however, it was agreed on a show of hands that the workers would accept the findings of the arbitrator. Accordingly they presented themselves for work at 6 a.m. on the following Monday.

On that morning, however, each man was told by the employers that if he accepted work that day it would be taken to mean that he also accepted the terms of the new agreement which the employers had now prepared. Few copies of the agreement were available, and even if there had been sufficient copies the men would have needed time to study it. But they were told that unless they accepted by 7 a.m. they would be 'considered to have withdrawn their labour'. They did not accept and no work was done that day. The newspapers called this a strike. It had more the mark of a lockout.

Subsequently copies of the agreement became available. It was found to be so rough that there were blank spaces where a banana man's rates of pay, his hours of work, and even his duties should have been specified. In this respect it was in fact a blank cheque for the employers. Further, under the agreement a man suspended from work and subsequently found not guilty of the offence with which he was charged would still lose half his wages for the period of suspension. There also appeared to be no protection for men who had become too old for the heavier work but who hitherto, by arrangement with their fellow workers, had been switched to lighter duties.

Now comes the most peculiar part of the story. The market men discovered that, into the agreement which the union leaders had accepted on their behalf, the employers had inserted a clause which laid down provisions for compulsory arbitration of any dispute and made the findings of the arbitrator binding on all parties. This was nothing less than the final denial to the workers in the market of their right to strike. Such a clause is directly contrary to trade union policy. One can only assume that the trade union leaders who accepted the agreement had somehow missed this clause or failed to understand it. The ordinary market men, however, both saw it and understood it. They flatly refused to follow their leaders' advice. Now their attitude has been upheld by Mr Cousins himself.

These proceedings will undoubtedly leave a legacy behind them. The ordinary workers in the market are now left with considerable doubts about the judgment of some of their leaders – they have already elected a new union branch committee. They are likely to demand considerable changes here. Even more marked, however, are the revival and intensification of their suspicion of the employers who, when asking men to accept an agreement blind on the plea that the agreement merely embodied the findings of the arbitrator, in fact inserted fundamental clauses which went far beyond those findings. The workers feel that the employers tried to pull a fast one and have been caught out.

It would be unfair to blame the employers for all the ills of the market. It is quite understandable that they should be unwilling to spend money on improving conditions of work when at any moment they may be told to move their premises elsewhere as part of a market reorganisation. It is therefore essential that a decision about the future of the market – whether to remove it to a less congested neighbourhood or, more likely, to build a new market to serve north-west London, leaving a rebuilt Covent Market to continue its major function as the pricing and balancing centre for all markets but handling less actual trade – should be taken at once.

Merely to improve the physical conditions of work will not bring harmony to Covent Garden. Nor will changes in the attitude of the men, in so far as such changes seem necessary. Employers say that nowadays the union will not let them sack anyone, even if he is inefficient or dishonest, though one man who stated this publicly subsequently admitted that he had completely changed his staff during the past year; and another, who said that he had three times been refused permission to sack an inefficient worker, had later promoted this worker to the position of foreman.

However good the conditions of work may become and however reasonable the union tries to be, there will be no goodwill unless the workers are convinced that the employers have experienced a complete change of heart. The indictment of the employers has recently been made not only by the workers themselves but by a wholly independent investigation carried out for the Liberal Party by Miss Manuela Sykes. Miss Sykes, who is the prospective Liberal candidate for Ipswich, has lived for two years in the market where her mother keeps a café. The report which she has now sent to Mr Grimond depicts the majority of employers in the market as being concerned only with profit regardless of the public interest, of engaging in restrictive practices to the great detriment of the housewife and of showing bad faith to their employees. The one hopeful feature of her report is her assessment of Mr Donald Mack, the present chairman of the Tenants' Association, as a first-class employer. The best thing that could happen to Covent Garden, apart from an immediate decision about its future, would be for Mr Mack and Mr Cousins to get together for some more chats.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

London Diary

There has been a good deal of superior chortling at the expense of Mr Gluck, the American ambassador who did not know Mr Nehru's name. Recent ambassadorial appointments in both France and America, summed up *The Times*, 'have caused eyebrows to be raised', but fortunately, it added, the British Foreign Service 'has in most ways moved with the needs of the times'. (The needs of the times or the needs of *The Times*?) This is all very well, but are expertise and professional training enough for a diplomat? Take the case of Sir Bernard Burrows, our Political Resident on the Persian Gulf. To paraphrase Wodehouse, 'if brilliance has a name, it's Burrows'. He is tall, handsome, impressive and very sure of himself. He was educated at Eton – where his batting earned him the name of 'Slogger' Burrows – and Trinity, Oxford. He won high laurels in the Foreign Service entrance, and served with distinction in Cairo, Washington and the Foreign Office. He got his present job at the early age of 43, and his 'K' only two years later. Long before his appointment, I have no doubt, he knew the name of every sheikh on the Gulf, and even those odd places on the Trucial Coast – Abu Dhabi, Dubai Sharjah and Kalba, Ajman, Umm al Qaiwain and so on. Foreign Office friends tell me he will go far. No doubt he will. And yet, at every stage of the Oman revolt, Sir Bernard has been quite wrong. To begin with he did not know it was going to happen, but was enjoying a doubtless well-earned holiday in Hampshire. Next, it was 'a very small affair'. To employ ground forces would be 'military futility'. Then, after the Venom sorties, we were told the revolt was 'contracting'. The next thing we knew the Cameronians were trudging into Oman. But only, of course, 'to maintain communications'. They ended up by leading the assault. Sir Bernard now tells us the revolt is 'virtually over'. I hope he is right this time.

* * *

The *New Times of Burma* is the only paper in which I've seen any account of the origin of Mao's notorious phrase about letting flowers bloom. According to this version the idea came from a novel called *Flowers in the Mirror* published during the Manchu dynasty. The story was about an empress (about A.D. 700) who ordered a hundred flowers to bloom on New Year's Eve. The goddess of flowers regarded this as hubristic, but in the Chinese story – the Greeks, unflattering to mortals, would have made the story end differently – the empress was powerful enough to get her way. The *New Times* added that the Chinese phrase for 'one hundred' commonly means 'all', and that the injunction to let 'a hundred schools of thought contend' was first used by the Director of Propaganda in June 1956 when Mao realised that it was unsafe for so much criticism to be bottled up. Now, shocked by the excessive effloresence about him, he is proceeding, like another dictator, to 'lop off the heads' of the tallest flowers. These include Ting Ling, for many years China's most famous poet, who even had a poem written about her by Mao himself. She is accused, of course, of attacking Communism. The old, familiar misery. In a dictatorship the state assumes the right to give permission to speak.

* * *

Vivien Leigh is too attractive and too famous to escape photographers, nor has she any reason for wishing to do so because she is on holiday with her former husband and their daughter. This kind of civilised behaviour is, thank goodness, growing. The fact that a husband and wife parted does not mean that they must be enemies, nor that their present partners must object to their continued friendship. Moralists might even find a special case for rejoicing in the example of a daughter who appears to be on excellent terms with both of the parents who have separated. But Mrs Jean Mann thinks this a 'terrible example' and wants us all to denounce Vivien Leigh. I asked people who know Mrs Mann why she says such things. Some suggest that she is merely looking for publicity; others that she is just a sincere, ignorant Victorian prude. I won't speculate about her motives. What I want to know is how Vivien Leigh's holiday can be Mrs Mann's business.

* * *

I had one week's real, honest-to-God holiday. Not only a holiday from this Diary but a week in which I did not read any paper (including this one) and did not spend a quarter of an hour talking about politics. Instead I joined the Society of Mural Painters at Dartington Hall, and was completely absorbed in Art. It was years since I had been to Dartington; I was even more impressed than ever with this creation of a paradise, never quite out of touch with the world. Leonard and Dorothy Elmhurst have proved, without a hint of ostentation, what can be done in education, architecture, agriculture, forestry, horticulture and with some kinds of industry, given the combination of money, practical capacity, good will and good taste. It was certainly a fine place for a painting holiday. The wall painters did their murals; other enthusiasts decorated a caravan; experts showed us how to use tempera, and make mosaics. Some went in for very still life; others sat about outside and painted tomb-stones or buildings or landscapes, with the proud and embarrassing knowledge that artists like Julian

Trevelyan, Mary Fedden, Stephen Bone, Mary Adshead or Barbara Jones would come round from time to time to encourage us.

* * *

There is something strangely satisfying about this daubery. Repulsive as one's picture may be, it is a genuine creation. No one else would or could have made just that particular mess. I notice that the critics always use the language of one art in discussing another. So one talks about 'tones' of painting, and the Sunday painter is not at all put off by discovering that he only commits discords. Every painting, it seems, is a 'statement'; I doubt if more mis-statements were ever made at one and the same time. But what the hell did it matter? I didn't mind if somebody told me that there was another war in the Middle East. I was scarcely perturbed about a suggested threat to the Nash terraces in Regent's Park and when the rumour went round that Paddington was burned down, I had a moment's wild hope that my return to London might be delayed.

* * *

I had chosen to sit in an obviously secluded spot (I leave you to psychoanalyse that contradiction) when I saw a Dutch muralist bearing down upon me. Inexorably he arrived and sat waiting for my attention.

'Do you wish to remain undisturbed?' he asked.

'Yes' I replied. But he was so obviously downcast that I added:

'But of course tell me what I can do.'

'I wish to ask you a question.'

'Yes?'

'How deep is your interest in art?' That was a question and a half. I said 'Perhaps not very deep, but the company of artists is a most valuable change from that of journalists and politicians.'

'In what way do artists differ from journalists and politicians?'

'Journalists and politicians do everything for the sake of something else. They hope to advance their careers or the interests of their party or their country or to make the world better; any reason except the direct pleasure of doing what they are doing. Artists paint because they want to paint.'

'Are all artists only interested in doing things for their own sakes?'

'Perhaps not all, but certainly the tree I painted this morning was painted for its own sake. It could give no one else any pleasure; it was quite worthless; it cannot be sold for any price; it cannot make anybody any better, or hasten or retard the millennium.'

* * *

Talking of trying to paint trees (nearly, I think, as difficult as human beings), I'll tell you how I hit upon the secret of modern art. 'Why', a critic asked when I produced a series of green tubs for inspection, 'did you paint this?'

'Because I could not make a tree look like a tree, but I thought if I paint a row of green tubs with streaks on them everyone would comment, not on my ghastly mis-statements, but on my imaginative, abstract way of treating trees.' That silenced him. It also led to a new shanty:

'I think that I shall never see
A thing as baffling as a tree'

and other verses rhyming with sketch, sculpt, etc. The best couplet came from an artist who had visited an aquarium.

'I think that I shall never draw
A questing lobster claw by claw.'

'Questing' is really good. The game can be continued indefinitely during wet week-ends.

I was delighted to hear about a lady who returned from her first visit to India full of the wonders of the mysterious East. She said that what impressed her most of all was seeing the Aga Khan by moonlight.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Middlesex County Council is to be represented in Twickenham Fair procession by the West Middlesex main drainage department.

It is exhibiting a tableau of three decorated vehicles depicting the stages through which sewage passes.—*Surrey Comet.* (A. Godfrey.)

Princess Margaret travelled to Balmoral as an ordinary first-class passenger in the Aberdonian night train out of King's Cross. No special coach was provided.

Passenger Miss Ethel Cruickshank said: 'I won't get a wink of sleep now'.—*Evening Standard.* (D. Cullen.)

Nothing once so pleased an English crowd as a public hanging: what would give them even greater pleasure today would be to see Lord Altrincham's house in Lowndes Square demolished brick by brick, with the first blow struck, perhaps by the Duke of Edinburgh or Prince Charles.—Letter in *Evening Standard.* (Ann Craine.)

Sir,—I do not think you are quite fair to British Railways or their employees. At 12 o'clock one recent Friday night I saw some happy railway porters folk-dancing on No. 2 platform at Basingstoke.

One would not have seen this before nationalisation.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (C. F. Stephens.)

Life and the Legend

IT often seems that the contemporary world is divided into two parts. Half the stage is dark and silent, and that is life; the other half is arc-lit, sparkling, loquacious, and that is the legend. If an individual strays from life to the legend, he is transfigured. Either he becomes a hero, radiant and wonderful, or a villain, louring and malignant. In the legend there are no men, only heroes and villains; in life there are no heroes or villains, only men.

Take, for instance, the case of Altrincham, a sympathetic, serious young man, who, with the attractive foolhardiness of youth, has been attempting the difficult task of bringing out a monthly magazine, and, at the same time, the even more difficult task of formulating Conservative doctrine in terms compatible both with his not altogether coherent ideas and ideals, and with the circumstances imposed by the decline of British power and influence in the world. How vastly different is the transfigured version—instead of an authentic Tory egg-head (and as such greatly to be preferred to the Conservative Central Office professionals, not to mention the constituency wheel-horses), a publicity-seeking cad, who, according to the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Sir Lawrence Dunne, has 'disgusted and offended 95 per cent. of the population of this country'.

What goes on in life has only a tenuous connection with the legend. Thus, in life there are vast catastrophes and vast ecstasies. Men kill and love. The killing, as presented in the legend, becomes heroism or murder according to the circumstances. If heroism, then music of requisite solemnity plays, the voice of Dimbleby is heard in the land, and human interest provides a Cellophane covering for human extinction. If murder, then cameras swoop like insatiable women, and a panel presided over by Robert McKenzie or Alan Bullock subsides slowly and loquaciously into the slough of objectivity until lost to view, while on *Free Speech* Messrs Taylor, Boothby, Brown and Foot rage and imagine vain things.

In life, there is just the bloodshed; men blindly groping, confusion, dread; fears and hopes which are both false, because in life, there is neither fear nor hope. These belong to the legend, and are transmitted into life on very High Frequency Modulation by courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation or the Independent Television Authority; networked, in fact, by all concerned—that is, by all who exercise any sort of authority, traffic in any way with power; a goodly and highly various company, including, among many others, Mr Krushchev, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dame Irene Ward, and the esteemed editors of *Confidential*, *The Times*, *Le Monde*, the *Universe*, *Punch*, and the *Corriere della Sera*.

When we come to loving, the legend presents cheesecake or religious worship. (There are, as a matter of fact, other variations, but these, without stretching matters too far, can be included under the two basic ones.) Cheesecake means vital statistics, Italian film stars more or less undressed, female flesh variously presented, can-canery in all its aspects, crooning, drooling, vice indignantly exposed or salaciously peep-holed, television or radio variety smut, virtue valoriously defended or hilariously lost, mink marriages, cinderella models, smart friends with diamond clips, expense account feasts and Riviera love-nests, Kinsey and Mead and *From Here to Eternity*—which stretches, in the legend, from here to just round the corner to the bank to cash a cheque, and then just round the corner again for a quick drink.

As for religious worship—it's that curious indescribable, chanting-moaning-gurgling voice: 'Dearly beloved brethren, I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present . . .'; it's that earnest, open, down-with-apartheid, face; that ask-me-a-plain-question-and-I'll-give-you-a-straight-answer face, staring straight out of the dear little screen; it's 'any question you like, and don't pull your punches and I won't pull mine'—'Father, is there an after-life?' 'Well, Dick, what about immortality?' 'Are we, then, Sir, to assume that Hell is a kind of suburb inconveniently distant from the big cinemas and restaurants and department stores and all the fun?' It's that dark, cunning expression, emerging from lace and vestments, incense-swinging, criss-crossing, and chanting monotonously, rather sweetly, incomprehensibly.

In life, love signifies passion, which is suffering. It signifies studying a face like a lost explorer studying a map, from frequent and intense past study so familiar to him, and yet he still hopes that one more look will help him to find his way. It signifies that ecstatic awareness, arising so briefly and unaccountably, in a crowd or a room or a train or in the open countryside or by the sea or in a street, that every part of the universe is indissolubly linked with every other part, and therefore any emotion other than love is vile and inconceivable, any division between man and man of any sort of description is as ludicrous as a division between the nodding of one's own head and the tapping of one's own foot, and even treading on a snail is an inconceivable crime and cutting the grass a holocaust.

Of course, there has always been this division between life and legend. It is merely that in our time greater facilities for dramatising it (literacy, radio, television, etc.) have become available.

These facilities have not created the division. They have been invented to make it more manifest. Men like Blake who lived wholly in life were mad, as were men like Hitler who lived wholly in the legend. Blake's madness was sublime, and enabled him to see what others were blind to – that the sunflower is weary of time and counts the steps of the sun, that they must ever believe a lie who see with, not through, the eye. The Founder of the Christian religion likewise eschewed the legend, and for this reason was killed. His teaching subsequently was incorporated in the legend – which is the point of the famous Grand Inquisitor passage in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Christ's return to earth would be an unwarranted intrusion of life into the legend, and therefore, from the Grand Inquisitor's point of view, intolerable. Hitler's madness, unlike Blake's, was abhorrent and destructive, an accumulation in his own poor distracted mind of all the base appetites for power of all his fellows. It would have been better for the rest of us if, instead of German Führer, he had been editor of *The Times* or Director-General of the BBC or Moderator of the Church of Scotland, but as far as he personally was concerned it would not have made any appreciable difference. He would still have been living in the legend.

It is particularly fascinating and illuminating to study the passage of an individual from life to the legend. The radiance descends, and lo! such a man or such a woman, hitherto only known to a little circle of intimates, becomes familiar to millions. Television and radio, newspapers and magazines, camera and printing press and cartoonist's pencil, comedian's gag, pub conversation, casual railway exchange, all mysteriously join forces to pin-point a particular citizen. In a day or two he is so well known that we forget there was ever a time when he was a stranger. His envelope in the press-cuttings library swells from a meagre two or three cuttings to burst at the seams. Henceforth, he is character-typed, his public *persona* is fixed. He is in an iron lung, and there must live for ever, unless he can manage (which happens rarely) to escape back to life and anonymity.

How enthralling to watch the spot-light moving, hesitating, then coming to rest. One is chosen, and all the others avidly gaze, half envious, and half thankful that they were passed over. The moving spot-light settles, and having settled, the transfigurement takes place. There is Gilbert Harding, most kindly of men, condemned to be irrascible, actually becoming irrascible, because this is his allotted and inescapable role. There is Lady Barnett, prim and estimable, translated into a panel game pin-up. Has she swallowed a microphone? Does she exist at all off the telly? There is Sabrina displaying, like a sandwichman, her bosomy treasure, and Sir Mortimer Wheeler lifting his antennae-moustaches up into the stratosphere, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Dimbleby leading them, respectfully but firmly forward to the footlight, to take their bow—many, many spot-lit faces, to be applauded, adulated, execrated, envied or desired; a mighty cast for a mighty legend.

The cameras prowl and pounce; the microphone is gingerly dipped into the outer darkness, like a toe into a cold bath—Wyatt asking: 'Are you happy?' 'Are you poor?' 'Are you angry?' 'Why?' On the legend side, all is so simple, all so bright, all so wise (Bertrand Russell, Julian Huxley, Dr. Bronowski and other Brains to give the answers); all so rich, with washing machines and television sets and sweet, untaxed money to be had for the answering. On the life side, all is so incomprehensible, all so dark, all so foolish, all so poor. And yet, when the lights are at last turned out, and the cameras are still, and the microphones are dead, and the displaced persons who populate the legend have all collected their fees and gone home to look at their press cuttings, over on the other side, the dark side, there is still a stir, as separate souls go their separate ways.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

'. . . and this is young Altrincham, dear . . .'

Court-Martial

(By a National Serviceman)

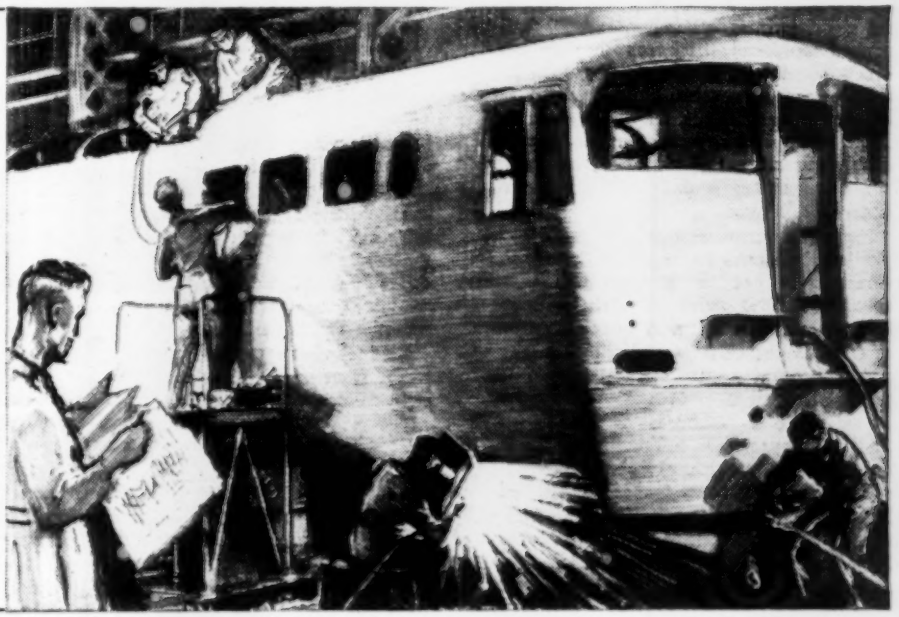
ON the door it said 'Chaplain's Office Knock And Enter'; but today that wasn't quite true, for the secular arm had moved in and inside there were two captains and a major resplendent in Number 1 Dress, complete and correct with 'winkle-pins'. Outside on the square, in the best *Carrington V.C.* tradition, a squad of recruits was being drilled by the voice of a raucous sergeantry. In the wings, encircling the door and the passage, stood the accused supported by a brace of regimental policemen and surrounded by a bevy of sergeant-majors. And, decently afar off, the defending and prosecuting officers were swopping cigarettes and wondering, with at any rate one united interest, whether it would all end in time for them to get to the regimental cricket match.

This probably happens about once every two months. The pattern is nearly always the same: there is a charge of desertion, it is reduced to absence without leave. To this the accused pleads guilty, as he is bound to do since the offence, despite the criminal law textbooks, involves no element of *mens rea* but is solely a matter of obstinate fact. A stumbling apologetic ('He realises now how stupid he has been') plea in mitigation is made by the defending officer, who is lucky if he has first talked to the accused more than 24 hours earlier; and after a hearing of about 40 minutes the proceedings end with the curt passing of a sentence of anything up to two years' detention in a 'military establishment'. No one thinks it a matter of any great moment. There is no public gallery, the press is unlikely to be represented, since the proceedings are nowhere advertised (though it is true that at Aldershot – the Mecca of the military – courts-martial are announced on a board which is headed Forthcoming Attractions) and the sole explanation of the accused's prospective absence from normal duty is a few lines on Routine Orders – probably reproduced under 'News In Brief' in the local paper. Six months or so later a pale shadow of a soldier reappears, mentions in a subdued voice that he has returned from Colchester. After the army's customary delays, the hope is expressed on Company Orders that he has learnt his lesson.

All the same the procedure and the practice perhaps merit a little consideration. It has long since ceased to surprise me that most things that happen in the armed forces represent a defiant denial of all those standards which we claim our forces exist in order to protect. But the case of courts-martial is really quite extraordinary. They have absolutely everything – secrecy (in fact if not in theory), arbitrary decision both on finding and sentence by unqualified judges whose whole business in life is the enforcement of discipline, and, until a few years ago, no possibility of appeal from this pretence of a legal proceeding. Even after the Courts-Martial Appeals Act 1951 – as the recent Minden reservists' case in the High Court revealed – the right of appeal is not exactly rewarding. Any soldier who is sentenced to six months or under may be sure that Colchester will have seen the last of him by the time the Law Courts see him first.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The first main-line locomotive for Britain's 15-year plan to modernize the railways was recently delivered by ENGLISH ELECTRIC. Under this plan steam will be progressively replaced by electric and diesel-electric power. ENGLISH ELECTRIC is building many of these new locomotives. But this is only half the story. Electrifying hundreds of miles of main and suburban lines is an enormous task, and ENGLISH ELECTRIC will share in producing the many kinds of equipment needed.



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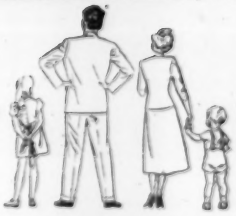
better  living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London, W.C.2

Nor can the evil day of reception into a military detention centre be postponed; bail is unknown to military law (except in the case of an Army Council appeal from the Courts-Martial Appeal Court to the House of Lords), and anyway, unlike the much vaunted 'parallel' cases of the Court of Criminal Appeal, there is no right of appeal against sentence from a court-martial to the Courts-Martial Appeal Court. From the moment that a prisoner is ordered 'About Turn' and marched bare-headed back from the court room to his cell, he knows that, short of a miracle such as the discovery of a trace of compassion in the Confirming Authority, his fate is sealed. In the officers' mess over a gin and tonic someone inevitably comments 'Thank God that is finished with.' The tragedy is that in 99 cases out of a hundred he is right.

Why, then is the system tolerated? The answer is probably to be found in Queen's Regulations – in such phrases as 'Sentences must vary according to the needs of discipline' and 'A General Court-Martial may be convened when the state of discipline in a garrison or barracks renders a serious example expedient.' The echo, in fact, all along is of Caiaphas; and the Army Act with such an 'umbrella' clause as Section 9 ('Any person subject to military law who is guilty of any act, conduct or neglect to the prejudice of good order and military discipline shall, on conviction by court-martial, be liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years') makes things only too easy for the high-priest mentality of a military commander. Such a clause could cover anything; and it was in fact recently used, after a period of initial perplexity on the part of the Army Legal Services, to make possible the prosecution of a private soldier for having extra-marital relations with a sergeant's wife. That, of course, is an offence (if offence it be) unknown to the criminal law of this country; but that did not prevent the long arm of military law from reaching out and grabbing hold of the private.

And yet no one is worried. The rate-payer's household gods of national security, restraint of the licentious, and the maintenance of that discipline without which there could be no Royal Tournament or Colour Trooping are invoked to smother any whisper of democratic rights that threatens to appear. A country which boasts that there is a universal law for rich and poor alike is apparently fully content that there should be one law for the civilian and quite another for the soldier. Even the constitutional experts seem to have got it wrong. The soldier, they assure us, retains all the rights and privileges of an ordinary citizen and, by his attestation, simply assumes certain other duties and obligations in addition. But this is certainly not the whole truth. Some of the most valuable safeguards that the ordinary citizen possesses are those provided by the Common Law; and the soldier, even for a specifically non-military offence, has no right to claim trial in a Common Law court. It is true that for offences against civilians and civilian property, and also for murder, manslaughter, treason and rape (committed within the United Kingdom) Army Council Instructions lay down that the army should waive its claim to deal with its own; but in practice, apart from the most serious offences, the police are usually glad to have the matter taken off their hands and to leave the offender to the sinewy arm of military discipline. At least then there can be no nonsense about probation, and it must also be a comfort to know that whereas a magistrates' court cannot deal in sentences of more than six months a district court martial (without expert legal assistance of any kind except, normally, in cases involving fraud) is empowered to award a sentence of anything up to two years. And furthermore, if things should go wrong, there is the additional advantage that a soldier who has been either acquitted or convicted by a court-martial can be tried again in a civil court for exactly the same offence.

Fleet Street Notebook

'For the winds raised by Lord Altrincham's criticism to die down has taken a whole week,' announced the *Daily Telegraph* last Saturday. 'That in all conscience, is long enough.' The *Telegraph* must keep its own private barometer. Elsewhere the winds were still rising. The even more vital question of whether Prince Charles was or was not enjoying yachting with his father had demoted Lord Altrincham momentarily, but his second television appearance brought him back on to the front pages with a bang – he rated another eight-column streamer in the *Daily Express* plus a leader page article, not to mention long news stories and feature articles in other papers. The day after the *Telegraph* decided to put a stop to the whole thing the *Sunday Express*, conscious of its destiny as 'the non-stop Sunday paper,' was finding it necessary to devote not only the main part of its leader page to the subject but also a large slice of its main gossip feature. In the same paper Mr John Gordon, smartly snatching the stiletto from Lord Altrincham's grasp, remarked grimly of the failure of any member of the Royal Family to put in an appearance at the Buckingham Palace garden party for the 'Not Forgotten Association': 'We appreciate, of course, that between Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes and Sir Douglas Fairbanks' party, our royals have had a very exhausting time recently'.

Sharp criticism of the Palace has become the mode. Lord Altrincham still rated front page with the *Dispatch* and a page feature in the *People*. Developing his remarks on Princess Anne's education, it asked poignantly 'Is She To Stay a Palace Prisoner?' He also got another-first leader in *Reynolds* which decided – rather oddly to my mind, I confess, – that criticism of his criticism was just another facet of the Tory habit of being beastly to Mr Frank Cousins. The previous week the *Sunday Times* had resolutely refused to allow the horrid subject to sully any of its many pages. Even last Sunday it could not bring itself actually to mention the wretched peer's name. But it devoted a full column leader, rather coyly headed 'On Criticising Royalty,' to its thoughts on 'some ill-conditioned and over-publicised criticisms of the Queen and her entourage'. Unlike nephew Lionel who had officially reported the end of the gale in the *Telegraph*, Uncle Kemsley feared that the winds might carry 'to lands far away' with disastrous results. 'Criticism is in most cases much better left unuttered in public' and it was only likely to be undertaken by 'a cad or a coward'. It was perhaps unkind of Mr. Roger Fulford to have pointed out in the *Manchester Guardian* the day before that 'throughout history the most vociferous critics of the monarchy have derived from Conservatism'.

It remained for the *Daily Mail* to give on Monday the final blow to the *Telegraph*'s well-conditioned attempt to pretend that the whole thing never really happened. When Lord Altrincham's voice was first heard in the land, the *Mail* reported with manifest satisfaction that 99 per cent of the letters it had received attacked him. However, to its credit, the *Mail* is an honest newspaper these days – and most of the time a very good one. It published a daily score-board which by Saturday was showing an almost unbroken rise in readers' support for Lord Altrincham.

On Monday it announced that in view of the 'strength, persistence and world-wide impact of the controversy over Lord Altrincham's criticisms of the monarchy' it had commissioned 'a nation-wide poll of public opinion'. The results announced under the title 'Altrincham . . . The Nation's Verdict' disclosed that 88 per cent of the population had followed the controversy and 35 per cent (40 per cent among men) agreed with him. Thirteen per cent were undecided. What is even more striking is that between the ages of 16 and 34, his own (and the Queen's) age group, a majority of those with an opinion agreed with him: 47 per cent for, 39 per cent against, 14 per cent 'don't know'. And when it came to the Court circle as distinct from the Queen herself an overwhelming majority of all age groups and economic classes thought, like him, that it badly needed widening: 55 per cent as against a mere 21 per cent satisfied and 24 per cent 'don't knows'. These are fascinating figures. Even more fascinating in its way, considering the right-wing, somewhat blimpish nature of a good deal of the *Daily Mail*'s readership, is the fact, I am told, that after leaving out the don't-knows, they coincided almost identically with the final score in the *Mail*'s own correspondence table. *Mirror* readers, as one might expect, came down more heavily for Lord Altrincham – 80 per cent agreed with him.

This makes Sir Laurence Dunne look pretty silly. Chief magistrates, like archbishops, are apt to be insulated from public opinion. If you only see your fellow creatures in the dock or a pew it is difficult to know what is actually going on in their minds. The *Mail's* survey figures may also have caused some heart-searching in the Palace. Or was the announcement, given full front page treatment by the papers on Tuesday, that the Queen would not after all be going to the St Leger, a mere coincidence? They are certainly causing furrowed brows in several newspaper offices, especially as the 16 to 34 age group is the most sought after by circulation departments. What effect will they have on future reporting of royal occasions?

The *Daily Sketch*, which, as a mediator in matters of taste, has been very severe indeed on Lord Altrincham, has decided to show what an up and coming newspaper can do to elevate the public mind. A short time ago it advertised in the columns of *The Times* for a senior advertisement representative. Among the applications it received was one from a 49-year-old ex-major who, after leaving the army, took a job with a firm of contractors in Suez and was interned there. He admitted that he did not know much about advertising but had been out of a job since Christmas. The *Sketch* has found a great competition for its readers: 'Win This Man'. Winners are promised that Major Powell (6ft 2in, ex-public school) will do anything they require of him and the *Sketch* will pay: 'clean your house, write a love letter, baby-sit, act as your uniformed chauffeur, take you behind stage at any theatre'. But if you haven't got a job for him, says the *Sketch* kindly, 'then have fun and work out the zaniest task for him. Make him jump out of an aeroplane . . . box a round with a champion . . . eat pounds of candy floss atop the Blackpool tower'. Major Powell seems to have had a distinguished military career before he fell on hard times. He has my sympathy. The people who run the *Daily Sketch* have it also – though for a different reason. It must be uncomfortable down there in the gutter.

Francis Williams

This slice has something the others haven't got

Any healthy child will tell you that Hovis is full of flavour and quite different from ordinary bread. Yet neither children nor their parents always know that the flavour is only one of the remarkably good things about the wheatgerm bread.

Inside information. Strip off the outer husk (the bran) of a grain of wheat, and you come to the starchy white kernel. From this alone the whitest flour is made—and, if you like it, the all-white loaf that once seemed so desirable in the days when we couldn't have it.

The heart of the wheat. But best of all, the grain has its wheatgerm—small yet rich in those things the white flour lacks. When wheat is sown, it is the wheatgerm from which the new plant springs. It contains an extraordinary high proportion of the natural life and flavour that made bread, from ancient times, the staff of life.

White bread. White bread is made of flour from which all the husk of the wheat has been removed—and with the husk goes all the wheatgerm as well. By Government regulation, nutrients must be added to make up for this loss. Dieticians differ about the effect of the husks on human health, but everyone agrees that the more wheatgerm we get, the better.

What wholemeal means. It means just what it says—the whole meal, husk and all, ground into a flour with nothing added and nothing taken away. You get all the bran (which may or may not suit you) and you lose no wheatgerm, which is definitely a good thing.

Better and better. But wouldn't it be even better—since all agree that wheatgerm is so *extra* good—if we could have not only the small original portion of it, but a great deal more besides?

Well, we do—in Hovis. Hovis flour is unique. It has no husks; they have gone to do their most useful job, feeding animals. But it has *extra* wheatgerm, eight or nine times more than you get even in wholemeal.

The slice of life. That is what makes Hovis the slice of life. That is where Hovis gets its interesting taste and why it gives such energy and well-being to people who eat it regularly.

A word about your baker. Hovis is baked by your local baker. It is from his ovens that the fresh loaves come each morning, baked as he knows you like them. Give him an order for Hovis every day.

Hovis is the slice of life

so have some every day

Troubled Waters

PAKISTAN'S reported acceptance, in principle, of the World Bank's latest proposal on the division of the Indus basin waters has raised hopes of an early settlement of the dispute. India had accepted the World Bank's proposal of 1954 (with the minor reservation that Kashmir should be given some water from the rivers allotted to Pakistan, since they flowed through it); the Bank's latest proposal is, as Mr. S. K. Patil, India's Minister for Irrigation and Power put it, 'very similar' to the one it made in 1954.

The story of the dispute goes back to 1948. On 4 May of that year the two countries entered into an agreement on the canal waters, recognising the wisdom of a purely economic and technical approach. The basis of the agreement was that supply to Pakistan's canals from India would progressively diminish, so that Pakistan had sufficient time to develop its own alternative sources. All these years Pakistan did not or could not develop alternative sources to replace its withdrawals from the three rivers allotted to India. In 1952, at the suggestion of Mr. Eugene Black, a 'working party', comprising one engineer each from India and Pakistan and a representative of the Bank, was formed. The intention was to plan out 'specific engineering measures, by which the supplies effectively available to each country will be increased substantially beyond what they have ever been'. But a settlement could not be arrived at, even though, according to the Bank's findings, there was more than sufficient water in the Indus basin to meet the present needs of the two countries.

In February 1954 the World Bank's representative put forward a fresh proposal. The western rivers, the Indus, the Jhelum and the Chenab, were to be exploited by Pakistan, allowing for minor utilisation in Kashmir. The eastern rivers, the Ravi, the Beas and the Sutlej, were allotted to India. A transition period of about five years was envisaged during which Pakistan would build link canals to replace the waters which were previously received from the eastern rivers. India would contribute to the cost of building the link canals. Pakistan did not accept the proposal, and prolonged negotiations failed to bring about a settlement.

The Bank again suggested to the two parties in May 1956, that the proposal of 1954 was the most suitable basis for an agreement. The only modification that the Bank recommended, on the basis of expert study, was that provision be made for storage facilities in addition to the link canals. The talks were extended to March 1957, but to no effect. In June this year the Vice-President of the World Bank, Mr. W. A. B. Iliff, visited India and Pakistan. Before he returned to the United States it was decided, on his suggestion, that the two governments should give their views on certain heads of agreement (generally following the World Bank's proposal of 1954) which would form the basis of an approach to an international treaty on the canal waters.

Recapitulating the history of the dispute in the Lok Sabha in the last week of July, Mr Patil referred to the allegations made against India, such as that it desired to turn West Pakistan into a 'dust-bowl', and to put Pakistan's economy into danger. He emphasized that 'there has not been a single occasion when supplies were cut off'. He also referred to Pakistan's failure to pay its dues for the water it had received: India had 'continued to supply water from the three eastern rivers, although the government of Pakistan, contrary to the agreement of May 1948, had defaulted in the payment of canal water charges, the arrears of which have steadily mounted to over Rs10 million'.

The three western rivers allotted to Pakistan are said to contain about 80 per cent of the water available in the Indus basin, and the three eastern rivers the remaining 20 per cent. Of the water that it uses for irrigation, Pakistan today draws from the eastern rivers no more than 10 per cent. For the remaining 90 per cent it relies on its own rivers and is independent of India. The link canals it has already constructed are said to have reduced Pakistan's dependence on the eastern rivers to about 5 per cent. Talk of India's turning West Pakistan into a 'dust-bowl' would therefore seem to be meaningless.

In the main it is recognised, however, that Pakistan has obscured the entire issue by mixing it up with politics. Its objective is seen by many observers here to be, first, to buttress its case on Kashmir by making out that India's control of that state would jeopardise supplies from the three western rivers allotted to it, since they pass through Kashmir; and, secondly, to force India to pay not only for the construction of the link canals, but to contribute also to the development of some big projects which the government of Pakistan has planned.

Mr Patil has stated that 'there is a limit to our patience. India will not wait indefinitely for a settlement, ignoring the needs of her own people'. Naturally, the statement has found an echo in the minds of people tired of the persistent hostility between the two countries, and bored by accusations and counter-accusations. It is widely hoped that the 'repeated assurances of the desire of both governments to reach an agreed solution', made to Mr. Iliff after his direct talks with Mr Nehru and Mr Suhrawardy, will bear fruit.

RAKSHAT PURI

Basement Lullaby

IN a dingy basement room in Paddington what the health authorities warn the landlord not to rent without renovating, Bar 20 and Fred was laying down after an all-night session in the West End. Every night is all-night session for them, because the two of them working in a band in a club, and when they get back home in the morning they hitting the hay real hard.

But this morning as if a kind of restlessness possess Bar 20.

"Fred?"

"Um?"

"You see that girl who come in the club about ten o'clock?"

"What girl?"

"The one with the American army officer. I think I see that girl somewhere before. I not sure, but I would swear to God I see she liming out on the Bayswater road one night."

"Um."

"From the Bayswater road to a Park Lane night club is a big jump."

"All right, all right, is a big jump, so what?"

The wall paper on the walls of the room coming off and hanging down like drapery: where it staying put, is because the landlord fix it with scotch tape. The wood panelling have crack and it hollow inside where woodworms on a rampage. The ceiling have so much crack that it look like a map of a country what only have rivers and lakes. The light of the good day shut out of this room as if is an evil place.

"Fred?"

"Um?"

"I don't too like this work, you know. More than a year now, every night we playing in that club, and it get so I don't know what it like when is day, because we does be always sleeping. You know how long I ain't see the sun? You sleep all day, then you get up eight o'clock in the evening and go to work, and come back five-six o'clock in the morning. I don't like it, Fred. It ain't natural."

"Um."

The dilapidation of the room accented by the state the boys have it in. From the time he get in Bar 20 does throw his clothes all about, on the ground, on the chairs, on the table, and make a kind of wild dive for the bed. On the table, it have a pack of twenty Players that open, two bottles of Scotch whisky, and both of them open, and two glasses. It have a piano push up in one corner of the room, and some music sheets scatter over it.

Fred emitting some deep cough now and then, and pulling the blanket over his head and stirring restlessly, trying hard to fall asleep.

Bar 20 lay there with his hands clasped behind his head, and his knees up with legs crossed, like how sometimes in them films they show you the starboy lay down there thinking.

"Fred."

"What?"

"We have a lot of money save up man, is time we look for another place to live. One day we must go and look for place. We paying three pound here, and I sure we could get a better place for that."

"Um."

"You know, you still ain't got the melody right in that new calypso. Last night you make the same mistake again. Still, I suppose them English people won't know the difference."

Bar 20 get up and pour a drink. "You want a drink?" he ask Fred.

"Uh-uh."

Bar 20 drink and went and lay down again.

Outside, smog piling up and creeping down to the basement and coming through the chink in the window. The atmosphere in the room hazy.

Fred cough and Bar 20 say: "You best hads go to see a doctor about that cough."

Fred roll over on the other side. Though he ain't asleep yet, he keeping his eyes shut tight and trying to will himself to doze off.

"Fred?"

"What the hell?"

"Fred, how much is £75,000 in West Indian dollars?"

As Fred didn't answer Bar 20 try to work it out himself but give up, grumbling: "A man even forget how to multiply! But still, is a lot of money. What and what I wouldn't do with that money! You know, I wonder how many West Indians sit down like this and think the same way?" He cast a quick look at Fred. Fred back turn: his bottom pushing against the blanket.

"Fred, you sleeping?"

"Um."

"Listen, I had a message for you that I forget. Dorothy say you must phone her this morning. She say is important. You hearing?"

"Um."

"Well don't say I didn't tell you, eh. She sound as if she out for your head. But don't let her pull anything on you: I get a niggergram she was in Piccadilly the other night with a English fellar."

Bar 20 get up again and light a cigarette. "You want a cigarette?"

"No thanks."

Bar 20 look around the room restlessly. He spot a airmail letter that the landlord did push under the door. He pick it up and went back on the bed and lay down and read.

"Big things happening home, boy!" he say, reading the letter. "The Americans taking over all the oilfields, and my sister say things just like it was during the war, with Yankee dollar flowing all about the place." He commented on this bit of news: "This country too cheap, they allow the Americans to buy all the oil and run the show, how they expect to keep the colonies like that?"

For an instant Fred showed his head above the blanket and glared hatefully with red, bleary eyes at Bar 20, but Bar 20 wasn't looking.

"A-a, you know who dead? Mussolini! You remember Mussolini? The one-foot fellar what used to sell newspaper by the library corner in San Fernando? A car knock him down in Coffee Street, and he dead before they could take him hospital."

Bar 20 begin to scratch his legs, and he lean back comfortably on the pillow and finish reading the letter. The news from home make him homesick.

"Fred?"

"Jesus Christ!"

"Fred, the family having some trouble back home with the cocoa estate—it look as if a kind of blight attack the trees—."

"Listen man." Fred prop himself up on an elbow and turn to Bar 20. "What happen to you this morning? Here we is in London, in London, man, three-four thousand miles from home, and you decide to talk about the library corner in San Fernando and the cocoa estate. What happen? You ain't sleepy today? You didn't work enough last night, or what?" And Fred roll over and cover himself with the blanket, and crouch up in an S with his hands clasped between his knees.

All the sounds of the outside world unheard in that basement room. Even sounds in the house can't be heard: is as if down there the two boys cut away from life. This was the regular situation, but this morning as if Bar 20 became aware of it for the first time.

"Fred?"

"What it is this time?"

"As if the whole world dead, eh, you can't hear anything down here in the basement. Life in London really different from back home, boy. Imagine how we here, living under the earth, with the street above our heads! If you tell them so in Trinidad they laugh at you, they want to know if you living in a hole or what—."

"Bar 20, you really spoiling up a good time, yes. What happen to you this morning? Why, of all mornings, you choosing this one? Jesus, man, I trying to sleep. S-l-e-e-p. You know what that mean? Take ease, old man, take ease."

"But if the telephone ring, you can't hear it," Bar 20 went on. "Suppose Dorothy ring up, how you will know? Down here like the Black Hole of Calcutta. We must really move."

"Um."

"Why you open the other bottle of whisky? Now both bottles open."

"Listen," Fred say, propping up on his elbow again, "why you don't go and take some fresh air? Go for a walk in the park or something?"

"In all that smog?" Bar 20 say. "You must be mad!"

"I am begging you," Fred say as softly as he could, "keep quiet and sleep. You not getting enough sleep these days, that's why you not

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Canadian Pacific

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handling the drums well. You talking about me not getting the melody right, but I notice the drums not keeping up with the rest of the band these nights."

"What you talking about?" Bar 20 say. "Man, I playing the drums right—."

"Yes yes," Fred say quickly. "But we go talk about it later."

Fred move up close to the wall, getting as far away from Bar 20 as he could, and disappear under the blanket.

Bar 20 begin to read the letter again, pretending that is the first time he seeing it. After that, he get up and went and had another drink. Then he pick up his trousers and push his hand in the pocket and begin to check how much money he have. A two-and-six fall and roll. Bar 20 dive for it, and collide with a leg of the table. One bottle of whisky fall and hit the other one, and the two of them roll off the table and break up on the ground. Good Scotch whisky running like water on the floor.

"Fred?"

Fred keep quiet.

"Oh hell," Bar 20 say, but this time his voice a lot quieter, as if he frighten for the damage that he cause. He watch the whisky flowing zig-zag for a minute. Then he went and lay down on the bed, as quiet as a mouse.

Fred wait for about 15 minutes, until he was sure that Bar 20 dropping off into a nice sleep.

Then he get up and put on all the lights in the room, and turn on the radio full blast. He went to the piano and start to pound out a calypso number, stamping his foot hard to keep time.

"What the hell you doing, Fred?" Bar 20 leap up in bed at the sudden din.

"I playing you a lullaby," Fred say, hoping he could keep it up until he drove Bar 20 mad.

SAMUEL SELVON

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Uncommercials

IN *The Times* correspondence columns lately it was suggested that in Britain public schoolboys like and buy Dixieland, the less intellectual jazz, and secondary schoolboys the modern, 'cool', cerebral jazz, whereas in America the eggheads favour the cool. (The hypothesis that secondary schoolboys are more intellectual than public schoolboys is not considered.) It is certainly true that in the USA the cultural *avant-garde* has long been tied to jazz, and that the present generation is jazz-modern. Shorty Rogers provided the music for both Marlon Brando's *The Wild One* and for *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and the highbrows who made that excellent film *Sweet Smell of Success* have not been able to resist putting in Chico Hamilton, who has perhaps the most interesting modern combination after (or with) the Modern Jazz Quartet. Heaven knows why, like others of his tendency, he shies away from the full-bodied, shouting instruments into which hot jazz translates the human voice, brass and even saxophones, and leans to a chamber-music based on rhythm and strings, including of all things a cello. True, the snaffle and the curb are superb, though some of us regret the absence of the good old-fashioned horse; but then, Hamilton and his men are perhaps best regarded as trying to ride another and more difficult creature; let us say a seagull. At all events, it is a music which seems to suit the brainier mixed-up kids in the Eisenhower era. Dixieland has, of course, long ceased to have any great support among the younger players or amateurs in America.

The situation in Britain is more complicated. Until fairly recently 'cool' jazz was a minority taste even among the minority of sworn enemies to commerce and popular success who made up the jazz public. The bulk of jazz-lovers, supported by the bulk of jazz-critics, looked to New Orleans as their Jerusalem. *Our* mixed-up kids (*vide Look Back in Anger*) wanted to be trumpeters like Louis Armstrong. If they have now begun to change, it is, one suspects, largely because Dixieland is no longer a minority taste. It is an awful sensation for the true avant-gardist to see, week by week, records which have made the Hit Parade of popular music, appearing in the *Melody Maker's* list of the most popular jazz discs. Fortunately it will be a long time before excellent modern records like Vogue's LP of the *Chico Hamilton Quintet*, or Gerry Mulligan's *Mainstream of Jazz* (EmArcy LP), compete with Elvis Presley and Johnny Ray. The wayward and uneven pianist Thelonious Monk (*The Unique Thelonious*, London LTZ U 15071) has always been a specialised taste even among jazz modernists, like Harpo Marx: he is safe for the advanced man. The splendid *Sonny Rollins Plus Four* (Esquire 32-025) is strictly the jazz-man's Third Programme.

However, there is more to the growing vogue for 'modern' jazz than a simple flight from mass appeal. There is genuine discrimination, for the most popular 'modern' records – there are hardly any British ones among them – are on the whole extremely good ones. (If Sonny Rollins, who is a very impressive man indeed on the tenor-saxophone, is not among them, I shall have to revise this view.) Nor does it look like a movement of the scholarly types. For why should the enthusiasts of Belfast and Newcastle – far from Eton and Winchester – stick to the conservative repertoire of Dixieland and Skiffle-type records, while those of Glasgow, Liverpool and Birmingham are making a bee-line for Hamilton and Mulligan, Miles Davis and Stan Getz? Nobody knows. Perhaps *The Times* may throw light on it, but it is rather doubtful. For jazz is peculiar – perhaps unique – among the arts which have become intellectually respectable, in that its fashions have spread from the non-U's to the U's, and not the other way round. In poetry what Cambridge likes today, the public may like tomorrow; but in jazz – in spite of a certain infusion of public-school and university men – Cambridge tomorrow will like what Glasgow, or perhaps more exactly, Wood Green and Ealing, discover today.

Those who are less interested in the evolutions of jazz taste than in the minor pleasures incidental to any folk-music, are strongly recommended to read the list of blues-singers' pseudonyms which those old and tried experts, Max Jones and Sinclair Traill, are publishing serially in the 'Collectors' Corner' of the *Melody Maker*. A flourishing popular art may almost be defined as the activity of people known to the world by nicknames or pseudonyms, but few are more luxuriant than those of blues-singers. My own preference is torn between *Bat, the Humming Bird, Black Spider Dumpling, Red Hot Shakin' Davis* and *Homer the Great*, a very fine name for a travelling minstrel. But how is one to choose between these simple or flamboyant banners which might have been waved by Mark Twain's Mississippi boatmen: *Blind Boy Fuller's Buddy, Barefoot Bill, Howlin' Wolf, Lightning Hopkins* (a good solid singer), *Catjuice Charlie* and *Chocolate Brown, Frogman* and *Devil's Daddy-in-Law*, and the long list of the blind – for begging and singing were the natural trades of poor blind Negroes – *Blind Blake, Blind Gary, Blind Pilgrim, Blind Lemon Jefferson*? (An interesting LP of this last singer has recently been issued on London AL 3564.) It is a far cry from this world to the one in which two chewing-gum magnates have recently competed for the right to break up Mr Elvis Presley's Tennessee house and furniture, in order to give the bits away to stimulate the sales of their products. . . .

FRANCIS NEWTON

Sifting the Last Grains

TO come back, however temporarily, to radio and television criticism after long absence is, if only in one respect, like revisiting New York. There is the pleasurable anticipation of reading the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*. Of course, when you actually have it in your hands, the heart sinks. How many pounds of newsprint is it? Enough to make how many copies of *War and Peace*? Impossible for anyone to read it all; and as the palms of your hands gently sweat in the air-conditioned heat your fingers become blacker and blacker with printer's ink. And then experience re-asserts itself. Of course, the *New York Sunday Times*, taking as it does all interests as its province, isn't meant for any one single reader, but he's a poor sort of man who can't find at least half a dozen articles to stimulate him in its ad-

mirable acres. Methodically, you set about gutting the various sections.

How like the *New York Sunday Times* the BBC is, even down to the *Times's* motto: 'All the news that's fit to print!' No doubt the news that isn't fit to print might be more exciting, and listening to the BBC, one may often wish it were possible to do the radio equivalent of nipping down to the news-stand in the hotel lobby and picking up the latest copy of *Confidential*. All the same, here is if not God's at least Sir Ian Jacob's plenty, and it must be admitted there's plenty of it. And, at this particular moment, there's the additional melancholy pleasure, which will endure until such time as the BBC deigns to let us in on the details of its forthcoming October Revolution, of wondering whether this may be the last chance you'll have of hearing a particular kind of programme.

There was, for instance, Professor Whalley's half-hour programme on Yeats's theory of verse-speaking, which, together with Allan McClelland's recital of the poems that accompanied it, was for me the most purely enjoyable listening of the week. It was a very packed programme, with Professor Whalley's elucidation, a recording of Yeats himself, and reminiscences of the poet's theories of reading by L. A. G. Strong and V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. We were given Yeats, as it were, in intense focus. If there was a flaw in the programme it was one that was probably unavoidable anyway. How, with any sort of satisfaction, is a famous man, recently dead, to be remembered on the air, especially if we have his recorded voice as well? There was, of course, no suggestion of impersonation in Mr McClelland's reading of the poems. In fact, no two voices could be more different. But I did not feel Mr McClelland's voice was neutral enough when he was reading Yeats's prose in Professor Whalley's exposition: the poet's magisterial tones were ringing in our ears, and there was his prose being spoken in a voice that in its mischievous lightness and briskness was reminiscent of James Stephens.

I have not yet read Miss Compton-Burnett's new novel *A Father and His Fate*. Certainly it was a joy to hear the radio version of it: high comedy is more rare even than tragedy, and it was as high comedy that *A Father and His Fate* came across. Women novelists, perhaps like their sex generally, have always found men slightly ridiculous, and Ivy Compton-Burnett is no exception. I don't suppose there has ever been a more merciless feminine rendering of the Old Man of the Tribe than Miles Mowbray, the father in this novel; and Norman Shelley played it for all he was worth: here was masculine pomposity, hypocrisy, infatuation, lust designed almost as a set piece. It was splendid; and yet at the end I was still wondering what had been gained and what lost by adapting the novel to radio. One thing seemed to me quite clear: the mechanics of the novel, the Wilkie Collins melodrama of the plot, stuck out far more than it does when one reads Miss Compton-Burnett. And there was one point, I thought, at which the novel remained intractable to adaptation. Miss Compton-Burnett, as we all know, relies much more than most novelists on dialogue; but she does not rely on dialogue alone. In the radio version a clue vital to the plot had to be delivered as a stage-direction by the narrator. For a moment, there was a confusion of conventions, and in that moment the dramatic illusion was shattered.

Both these programmes were on the Third. On Home, I specially liked the latest *Frankly Speaking*, in which Lord Brabazon of Tara was interviewed. What one is after in these programmes is idiosyncracy, the contradictions, discontinuities, surprises of personality. We had it in full measure here. I am glad to know, for instance, that the pioneer aviator's favourite book is Macneile Dixon's *Tragedy*; and I was fascinated to learn that the instance of intolerance he had most resented was the hostility shown those ladies who had first dared to ride astride in the hunting field.

WILLIAM SALTER

Love in the Evening

Love in the Afternoon (Leicester Square) starts with the gayest of sex lyrics: in Paris, we're told, they all do it; and the camera finds couples embracing up stairs and down alleys, by the Seine, on a street corner where a water-cart sprays them unfeeling; this genial orgy takes in the butcher, the baker, and the dark undertaker similarly engrossed – delicately raising a widow's veil. Then we move on to the household of Maurice Chevalier, a detective whose practice seems to consist entirely in spying on couples, and his daughter, Audrey Hepburn, who awaits love and plays the cello.

And it is all light, springy, golden with the seriousness and promise in Miss Hepburn's eye. But then, into this Arcadia, steps the arch-faun – lounging, twinkling, Gary Cooper. Now, Mr Cooper is near sixty, and looks it. His twinkle has bags under the eyes. He sports with a Miss Hepburn in her teens; she falls for him; and then it's a tussle between them to bind him to their delight and seal a happy marriage. And in this prolonged, tender, teasing, and supposedly ideal encounter, I found all delight withering away. Oh, the years between! These theatrical pretences can be carried off on the stage, but not elsewhere. The point of the comedy, you see, isn't May and December, but that trite and untrue screen one, that love makes everyone young. I continue to worship Miss Hepburn, who is all a pretty girl should be, and warm more than I have lately to M. Chevalier, partly no doubt because he didn't have to be an ageless love-hero. As for Mr Cooper, I can only hope he retires into solitary prairies and sheriffs' parlours for a while, to emerge decently aged.

Love in the Afternoon had a native origin in a novel by Claude Anet, but I much preferred a real bit of Parisiana, *A Hair in the Soup* (Cameo-Poly). This is *comédie noire* of the lightest, black-and-white sort, and too fond of well-trodden ways really to exalt as comedy should. However, it has a new comedian, Louis de Funes, half Flanagan, and half Reggiani, who is endearing if at the moment intermittently funny. He is a composer wanting to commit suicide. The alternative is that we shall have to listen to his songs, but then one of these brings us round. He tries to drown himself (Chaplin); sits with strangers in a police station (Clair); but then, with more originality coming his way from the script-writer, goes out to engage – since he doesn't seem able to do away with himself – a killer. Several who had seemed doubtful get interested, and then success and romance raise him; and now he has to escape those he has hired. A rock and roll with gangsters intervening makes a good climax; and we go on liking our new comedian, though I doubt if he will grow on the screen. The songs, and the girl saved from drowning, and thereafter singing (Noelle Adam), are charming.

With *Manuela* and *Across the Bridge*, British films have been looking up, and this improvement continues with *Time Lock* (Dominion and New Victoria). This is an action documentary, borrowed in idea from Hollywood though not quite achieving its hardness; but, all the same, a good, on-going bit of suspense. A child gets imprisoned in a strong-room in Toronto, locked by a time-lock for the week-end. Every weapon is brought to break in: blow-lamps, police, compressed-air drills, the expert on a fishing holiday who alone can find the way in, doctors, TV, etc. We watch all the efforts, measure the probability of suffocation, and come wet-eyed from the rescue just in time. Robert Beatty finds the only way in. It isn't grand film-making, but meritorious.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'How Can We Save Father?', at the Royal Court Theatre

The English Stage Company, so singularly successful in discovering plays about contemporary class, seem curiously inept in their choice when it comes to contemporary religion. *How Can We Save Father?* the one-acter which now precedes Ionesco's *The Chairs* is about as messy a muddle as could conveniently be crammed into an hour and a quarter. Father is a parson with a wife, four daughters and a son. When they discover him trying unsuccessfully to do away with himself, the shape of the piece glimmers ahead, for one daughter is a doctor, one an industrial scientist, one a budding sociologist. But the point of this is quietly and quickly dropped, and these characters become otiose. Instead, one of their boy-friends arrives to put the parson through the latest form of analysis which consists in the psychiatrist going one madder than the patient. Institutionalised religion seems to be the villain of this well-intentioned but woolly piece. The funny scene which opens the play and several witty exchanges suggest that the author (Oliver Marlow Wilkinson) has a feeling for the theatre; but he has not organised his material into a shape which deserved the attention of the English Stage Company. Miss Susan Richmond, Mr John Phillips and Mr John Moffatt keep things going as best they can.

T. C. W.

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Correspondence

LORD ALTRINCHAM'S CRIME

SIR,—After reading Lord Altrincham's article on the Queen I had a feeling that this bold and justifiable piece of criticism would provoke a most unusual diversity of opinion. I felt sure that there would be a strong 'concurrent' reaction to this article quite apart from the inevitable sycophantic one. It seems that I was right.

The sycophants were nevertheless well represented in the field of battle. The *Telegraph*, I forecast, would head the journalistic sycophants with Peterborough as their commander-in-chief, and he would have the *Express* leader-writer as his second-in-command. I was right. Aided also by the *Mail*, *Empire News*, and *News Chronicle* the journalistic battalion was well represented. All the old fossilised arguments in favour and defence of the monarchy's conduct were dug up, and these bloodhounds were not slow to use them. The forest fire started by these journals soon spread as a result of the bloodthirsty threats of some aristocratic morons; threats—to quote the *Spectator*—in the classic tradition of aristocratic nincompoopery. It was almost too good to be true. Other allies carried out their duties with their customary obsequiousness. That past-master of tactlessness, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has contributed another of his fatuities. Someone has even struck Lord Altrincham's face and by doing so has ruined his own case and made a complete fool of himself.

The 'concurrents' now must be mentioned since their part in this drama is by far the most interesting. Your journal seems to be heading the concurrent battalions, accompanied by the *Mirror* and *Reynolds News*. Other foreign papers have joined their ranks and all of them have said with a common voice, as it were, that Altrincham's article is the view of the individual. The *Mail* has shown recently that public opinion has dramatically swung from its former opinion to that of Lord Altrincham.

I wonder why it has. I think the answer is that the public are not the obsequious morons they have been suspected of being. I cannot believe that anyone, however moronic, is going to sit back and have fed to him the idea that the monarchy is a sacrosanct head of the family that parades benignly and sedately in front of their loving children whenever they are wanted to, flashing their toothpaste smiles, displaying their latest hair-dos and exhibiting their deplorable taste in clothes.

That conception of a monarchy is ludicrously and nauseatingly incongruous in a modern democracy, and Altrincham has been perfectly right and sensible to say so. All of us should admire him for his courage and determination. To say that he has spread it on too thick is utterly ridiculous since all mild criticisms in the past have achieved nothing, for the simple reason that nothing was spread on at all. No, the reason for and the explanation of the sycophantic opposition is simple. All these flunkeys and lackeys have benefited financially and socially from the Queen, and naturally they do not wish to see their social security threatened. Let us hope that public opinion will follow up Altrincham's article and give it the support it so richly deserves, because only by plain speaking and ruthless relentlessness can the social squalor of the upper classes be removed from the monarchy and a true democratic monarchy be raised from the social slough it has fallen into.

LONDONDERRY

101 Park Street
London, W1

SIR,—When visiting Denmark in June shortly after the royal visit I was told by many Danes how deeply disappointed and hurt they felt because the Queen did not go to Copenhagen's Tivoli. It was generally assumed that British security staff would not allow it, which in fact gave great offence to an orderly and well-behaved people. Nehru had recently spent some hours in there without coming to harm they pointed out. Small wonder that Lord Altrincham's views were supported in Scandinavia.

K. A. STOCKHAM

136 Chelmer Road
Chelmsford

EDITORIAL FREEDOM

SIR,—I have no desire to enter into any controversy on the above subject, but I was wondering if Mr H. J. Bradley, general secretary of the National Union of Journalists, had missed the point.

The articles of foundation of my newspaper, *The Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, laid down that it was to be a Liberal journal, and this was reaffirmed at our centenary in 1943. Unless these articles were changed by the shareholders for the time being, they were binding irrespective of the personal policies of the directors or editor. After a private meeting between the local MP, a junior minister, and my board of directors, from which I was excluded, the board informed me the newspaper would support the Conservative government. Thus, if I 'continued to insist on my right to support Liberal principles', as Mr Francis Williams wrote, I was carrying out the policy which the newspaper was started to carry out.

I am grateful to Mr Bradley for having pointed out in a statement to the press that the NUJ was not asked to take up the case of my dismissal. Mr Walter Elliot, the Tory MP for Kelvingrove, Glasgow, said it had, also that it had not been taken up. He told the House: 'It becomes ridiculous that this House should be asked to inquire into a case where the responsible professional bodies refused to intervene'. NUJ members who had grasped the vital principle involved in my dismissal had told me they were disappointed that the NUJ had acted as Mr Elliot said.

It may be that the Press Council also missed the point, for there are those who do not agree with their findings that 'they could see no objection to anybody endeavouring to exercise pressure on a paper to change its policy'.

Finally, my dismissal is personal to me: the issue it raised concerned every newspaperman.

A. G. WILLIAMSON

Wilton Dean
Hardthorn Road, Dumfries

SEEING WHAT IT'S LIKE

SIR,—I have just returned from Moscow, from a visit to the Youth Festival with the Lewenstein-Mankowitz company which presented *Look Back in Anger* at the Moscow Arts Theatre. Almost the last words I read before I left were the NEW STATESMAN'S cautionary comments on the idea of 'seeing what it's like'. And almost the first words I read on getting back were Christopher Mayhew's forbidding letter on the same subject. I am perplexed.

Although the party I was with were prevented by their professional obligations from taking part in the full Festival programme, we were in Moscow during the first week of it, and for five days before. No red carpets were unrolled for us. We experienced a full share of the muddle and disorganisation apparently inevitable on such occasions (most of it contributed by the British). We also encountered some of the terrors of Russian bureaucracy, and were enlightened as well as infuriated by them. In general, though, the Russians did everything they could to make our visit a free, easy and profitable one. We were taken round Moscow and shown anything we wanted to see. We looked at new buildings and old buildings. We saw the enormous and marvellous efforts the Russians are making to improve their standards of living; but no effort was made to hide from us the scarcity of consumer goods, and the relative austerity of life.

Of course, we were given the opportunity to visit Moscow because (as your leader pointed out) the Russians felt we could be useful to them. But the word 'useful' is not necessarily sinister. There is a refreshing appetite for information and knowledge in Russia, and particularly amongst young people. It is stimulating to experience for a change an atmosphere of enthusiasm and purpose. *Look Back in Anger* was received with tremendous applause and interest at every performance. It was *not* used to demonstrate the decadence of capitalist democracy. On the contrary, it was discussed with far greater understanding and sympathy than it received when it was first performed in London.

One is not necessarily a 'gormless neutral' if one does not use every moment of such a visit to batter at fundamental differences and emphasise oppositions. Socialists in Britain have precious little to be smug about anyway, and perhaps even more to learn than to teach. At the moment political disputation is not the best way of doing either of these things—any more than a Protestant visitor to the Vatican would be profitably engaged in trying to convert the Pope. I think we learned a good deal more, and communicated more, too, in our plentiful opportunities for informal observation and talk. We were left entirely free to walk about the streets of Moscow as, when and where we wished; with or without interpreters; to talk with anyone we liked, and to say what we liked to them. We talked about Hungary, and about Stalin and Malenkov and Molotov. We also expressed our admiration when we felt it—which was often.

'Suspicion and misunderstanding' are created by people like Christopher Mayhew, not by interchanges at a youth festival. The warmth and fair-mindedness of the Russians we met all around was striking and heartening. If it is simple-minded to suppose that such contact can diminish the possibility of war, it is equally simple-minded (and less pleasant) to imagine that they will make Stalinists out of Britons. And how long would the young delegates to the festival have to wait before Mr Mayhew's 'normal free contacts' made this extraordinary visit available to them at £45 a head? In the name of what crabbed, timorous and regressive principle should we have denied ourselves this rich experience?

LINDSAY ANDERSON

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PARLIAMENTARY PANEL GAME

SIR,—I was pleased to read your timely warning about the dangers inherent in any attempt to resolve the real or supposed defects of the present system of selecting parliamentary candidates by increasing the degree of central control. For the selection of candidates is about the only important function of the Labour Party that is subject to real democratic control, and while it exists no faction can seize the absolute control that has characterised Stalinist and even some social democratic parties.

Of course, not every constituency party chooses its candidate wisely. All too often candidates are selected for the snob-appeal of their occupations rather than for their ability as Socialist politicians. Indeed, it is probably easier to become a Labour candidate when one has neither knowledge nor experience of the movement, providing that one has a high falutin' professional title (such as barrister), than it is if one is an active party worker. But while it may be difficult it is still possible for people to get into parliament on their merits as party members and not on the manner in which they get the money to pay for their cars and mews flats.

In one respect, the failure of the unions to get all the representatives they think they are entitled to is their own fault. For many of them will only sponsor candidates for winnable seats. This results in their having panels of inexperienced candidates. Furthermore, once a man has agreed to go on his union's list A, he invariably finds that he accepts a seat with a large Tory majority at his peril. For not only will his union refuse to sponsor him, but often he will not be allowed to go back onto List A after the election. The result is that many young members of unions with parliamentary ambitions avoid going on List A because it tends to prevent their progress rather than enhance it. And once finding a seat by his own efforts a man is more likely to wish to remain free. Consequently, union panels tend to be rather impoverished affairs. Let the trade unions drop their selectivity and finance their members wherever a constituency does them the honour of selecting them. Then they will have panels of experienced candidates and will obviously do better at selection conferences for safe seats.

RON LEWIS

7 Burleigh House, Stonecot Hill
Sutton, Surrey

SIR,—In your article, 'Parliamentary Panel Game', you draw attention to what may well be called the 'managerial revolution' in the Labour Party.

Evidence of these developments can be seen in the NEC proposals for weakening the power of the city Labour parties and the new conditions imposed on new entrants to the Labour Party Agency Service. These are in addition to the examples given of the negotiations between the Labour Party and the Co-operative Union, the open demands by one or two trade union leaders for a larger share of parliamentary seats, and Mr Gaitskell's reported desire to bring the selection of candidates under closer central control.

Every Socialist, trade unionist and Co-operator will wish that the Labour Party will have an effective election machine and an up-to-date policy in readiness for the next election. But it will be disastrous if these are to be brought about at the expense of the democratic structure of the three movements and at the expense of their ultimate objective, the establishment of a Socialist society.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIALIST

FREE SOUTH AFRICA?

SIR,—In your issue of 3 August, Mr R. U. Kenney tries to refute Critic's allegation that 'South Africa is now a completely totalitarian country'. His arguments, mostly, are applicable if the country was being inhabited by only the white race. But if one believes that a non-European is also as much a human being as a European, then Critic is right in his allegation. Where is the franchise for the non-European in South Africa? This dispossession of a basic human right alone, besides segregation and the Group Areas Act, is enough to declare South Africa a totalitarian country; because even in a broader sense minority Whites rule as they please, in their own way and in their own interest, over the vast majority of non-Europeans with a threat of force.

K. P. SHAH

Nairobi

THE TRYWERYN SCHEME

SIR,—Mr W. John Morgan says that Liverpool's Tryweryn scheme is an issue on which Welsh opinion is as united as it is ever likely to be, but perhaps one of its saddest aspects is the extent to which it has been unopposed and even welcomed locally.

Although almost everyone has been disgusted by the arrogant disregard with which Liverpool Corporation have proceeded with their plans, most working people have been more concerned about the jobs which the scheme will provide. In Bala and the district most immediately affected, where work depends rather precariously on the forestry, the county council, and on the casual labour demanded now and then by sewage, water or telephone schemes, there would have been considerable disappointment and bitterness against 'the blaid'—the Nationalist Party—had the Liverpool bill failed. In Blaenau Ffestiniog and Portmadoc where there is much unemployment, and in Trawsfynydd where, with the reduction in the military camp, there is the prospect of it, the news of the successful third reading has been heard with more relief than anger.

It is hardly surprising that the townspeople of Bala have thought more of their own prosperity than of the impending loss to Welsh culture. In fact, while Welsh opinion everywhere else was being mobilised against Liverpool, the Bala Urban Council, once assured about the future of its own water supply, blandly decided to offer no resistance to the bill.

Even amongst the very community that will be dispossessed, opinion—privately—has not been entirely united. The tenant farmers have not had much hope of seeing their damp, dilapidated farmhouses modernised and none at all of the small improvement which would prevent the River Tryweryn flooding their low-lying fields every winter. Even in Capel Celyn the sadness and bitterness will be not unmixed with hope.

The population of North-West Wales is small and governments are not likely to worry overmuch about its sad economic predicament. The nationalists do no service to their country in pretending that everyone is solidly behind the Capel Celyn Defence Committee, when many people who would otherwise be as angry as they, sadly see in the drowning of Capel Celyn a hope of reducing, for a few years, the stampede of young people to the Midlands—and to Liverpool—in search of profitable work. If the flooding of the Tryweryn valley helps to dramatise the need of this depressed area for some more lasting form of economic development, it will not have been altogether in vain.

R. J. WEBSTER

Bryn y ffynnon
Bala

SUMMERHILL SCHOOL SOCIETY

SIR,—Howard Case's letter in last week's issue has unfortunately led to some misunderstanding. I have had a series of phone calls from the press asking if and when we are closing down; a firm has told me that a client would like to buy the school. Other callers ask if the inspectors gave a very bad report. The last inspection was in 1949 and the report was fair and generous. I have had no report since. There is no question of a fight between the Ministry and me about educational principles. Two HMIs in a morning's visit found some of the teaching not good enough. This arose partly because specialist teachers were having to teach subjects that they did not know very well. I myself was teaching maths although I am an honours English graduate, and the inspectors may have been too kind and polite to criticise. It is a pity that Case's letter has had too many readers who were reading between the lines. The simple fact is that Summerhill needs teachers and enough money to pay them adequately. I believe that the Society will be a success, and personally I have no fear of the school's closing down.

I want to emphasise the fact that the present crisis refers to lessons only. Most of the parents would keep their children at the school whatever the standard of teaching was. Their criterion of education is not book learning but unmoulded character, happiness, sincerity, aliveness. All the same I think that the school has been as successful as any other school in the matter of exams, and I feel sure that this success will continue.

A. S. NEILL

Summerhill School
Leiston

OPEN COURT

SIR,—As already announced in the press, the Home Secretary has appointed a Departmental Committee under my chairmanship 'to consider whether proceedings before examining justices should continue to take place in open court, and if so, whether it is necessary or desirable that any restriction should be placed on the publication of reports of such proceedings'; and he has asked the committee to complete its work with the minimum of delay.

The committee has invited certain bodies and persons to submit evidence to it, and it is also anxious to have the benefit of the views and experience of any others who may be in a position to help it. Evidence, which should be in the form of a memorandum, should be sent to the secretary to the committee, Mr B. C. Cubbon, Home Office, Whitehall, SW1, as soon as possible and not later than 1 October next.

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The Conquistadors

In the reign of Charles V a few hundred Spaniards discovered, conquered and destroyed the two greatest military empires of America. It was a triumph of private enterprise: for empires of settlement, as distinct from empires of commerce, generally begin as the work not of governments but of emigrants from government. Princes and governments might plan and finance expeditions to trade with the settled civilisations of the East, but the colonisation of empty or savage lands was left to those who sought escape from governments and taxes, unemployment or over-population at home. The conquistadors, said Bernal Díaz del Castillo, who was one of them, set out '*a servir a Dios y a hacernos ricos* – to serve God and enrich ourselves'. As for the Emperor, preoccupied with Protestants and Turks, Italy and Germany, what time had he for such sideshows? We served him, too, Díaz admits, 'by discovering, conquering, pacifying and settling most of the provinces of New Spain', but we did it, he adds, 'by our own efforts, without His Majesty knowing anything about it'.

It was indeed, as Bernal Díaz said, 'a wonderful story' that he wrote and bequeathed to his descendants: at second and third hand, in Prescott's classic or in Mr Descola's new popularisation, it retains its freshness, its enchantment, its horror.* For these men, to whom Europe seemed stale, had discovered in America a new world of power and fantasy. The first natives whom Columbus had found had been unimpressive savages; but now, in the highlands of Mexico and Peru, round two great inland lakes, two real civilisations had revealed themselves, primitive but elaborate: two imperial peoples ruled, like the Spaniards themselves, by a military and priestly caste, ceremonious, theocratic, terrible. Of course they were savages, too. The Incas, for all their wonderful communications, their minute social organisation, their poor-laws and public works, had neither money nor wheels. The Aztecs, for all their aqueducts and temples and floating gardens, their hieroglyphic writing and calendrical exactitude, had neither wheels nor cattle nor horses. But human beings, like termites, can reach a high degree of organisation even without such useful machinery, and the Spanish conquistadors might well tremble the more before such mysterious efficiency. A machine is more frightening if it is moved by secret springs.

These savage empires were frightening, too, in themselves. Both of them lived by human sacrifice. The Incas, conquerors who preserved their rule by a new religion and jealous racial purity, periodically fed their system with human blood: without such refreshment, they believed, their gods, the sun and moon, and they themselves and their government would dwindle and fail. The whole machinery of Aztec rule was driven by incessant bloody sacrifice. For this they made war or, in peace-time, mock war, and the evidence of it was always grimly obvious to the invaders: the bloody chambers of their great temples; the priests with shredded ears and long hair matted with blood, stinking of carrion; the cages full of victims fattening for slaughter; the piles of skulls and bones, relics of men whose living hearts had been plucked out for the gods, whose dead limbs had been devoured, with pepper and tomatoes, by their worshippers, and whose entrails had fed the lions and tigers of Montezuma's menagerie. Always Bernal Díaz's companions saw this fate before them, and in the end many of them experienced it. The faces of dead friends, flayed and tanned and with the beards still on, sometimes stared at them from captured altars; and in the last great battle for Mexico City, a sudden drumming, 'a most dismal noise indeed, like an orchestra of demons' drew their attention to the great temple where the priests, with sharp obsidian knives, were sawing the hearts out of their struggling companions, while Indian butchers waited below to market the carcasses. 'It took them ten days in succession,' Díaz recalls, 'to complete the sacrificing of our soldiers'. Well might he say, of some of his comrades, 'if they had known the power of Mexico, it is certain that not one of them would have come'.

What in fact made them persevere among these terrible hardships, living night and day in arms, surrounded by infinite numbers, perpetually afraid of surprise, bewildered in unknown mountains, and liable always to a revolting death? Economic pressure at home, the lure of gold – these dull material motives are not enough. A whole complex psychology, a state of unnatural, sustained exaltation must be imagined if we are to grasp the temper of that human phenomenon, the Spanish conquistador. There was the old religion of the Reconquest at home, the religion of Santiago Matamoros, now become the religion of conquest overseas. Santiago appeared, personally, to the conquistadors, both in Mexico and Peru, riding on a white horse before them; 'Santiago, and at them!' was Corté's signal for attack in Tlaxcala. Allied with this, there was the infectious crusading zeal which inspired even St Teresa, at the age of ten, and Cardinal Ximenes, at the age of seventy, to long for martyrdom among the Moors. Then there was the genuine moral hatred of the Spanish puritan for the abominations of those heathen idolators. 'How can we accomplish anything worth doing,' cried Cortés at Cempoala, 'if for the honour of God we do not first abolish these sacrifices made to idols?' And thereupon the idols, 'like fearsome dragons', came rolling down the temple steps, shattered to pieces beneath the eyes of their outraged priests. Again and again, in season and out, Cortés insisted that he and his men had come to abolish idolatry and human sacrifices, until even his own clergy sought to restrain such impolitic zeal. And finally, there is that essential element in the formation of the conquistador, whose influence has been brilliantly traced by Irving W. Leonard: the romance of chivalry.

How can one understand sixteenth-century Spain without remembering its universal reading, the romances of chivalry? They were the crime-shockers, the science-fiction of that age, the sole influence on unlettered and sometimes lettered minds. The Church might fulminate against those 'depraved', 'monstrous' works, recommending instead the no less preposterous Lives of the Saints; but it was in vain. Romances of Chivalry were found in the luggage of ambassadors, in the libraries of scholars. St Ignatius Loyola took them up; St Teresa could not put them down. The Spanish soldiers read them aloud in Italy and Flanders; and how should they not be read out by the camp-fires in America, that strange new world, as strange even as that fiction? For was not this the very world of *Amadis de Gaul* and *Sergas de Esplandián*, a world of Amazons and Giants, monsters and magicians, inexhaustible wealth and incredible kings? So the conquerors imposed on the new lands which they discovered polysyllabical names – California, Patagonia – drawn from those deplorable novelettes; and when they looked down, for the first time, on the fabulous city of Mexico, 'we were amazed', wrote Bernal Díaz,

> and said that it was like the enchanted things related in the book of *Amadis*, because of the huge towers, temples and buildings, rising from the water, all of masonry; and some of the soldiers even asked whether the things we saw were not a dream.

So, in the high plateaus of Central America, two mentalities came together, from opposite worlds, but at a like pitch of exaltation and despair. The story of their meeting, their final crunch, the fulfilment of those ancient prophecies which sapped the will of Inca and Aztec alike, is one of the great epics of history, and Montezuma and Atahuallpa, those accidental kings, have become, through their total ruin, heroes of tragedy, like Priam or Hector at Troy. 'Well I know', said Hector – and it is a recurrent refrain in the Iliad – 'that a day will come when the holy city of Troy shall perish, and Priam, and Priam's people with it'. 'For many years past', the captive Montezuma told his page – and it too is a recurrent refrain in Bernal Díaz's account – 'I have known, from the tradition of our ancestors, that men would come from the direction of the sunrise to rule these lands, and that then the lordship and kingdom of the Mexicans would come to an end'. The parallels are many: Bernal Díaz, writing his book in Guatemala, at the age of eighty-four, deaf and, like Homer, blind, might well have entitled his work the Iliad of Mexico.

Alas, in a state of high tension men do both great and terrible things, and afterwards, when the moment of exaltation is over, comes the remorse. Achilles soon regretted his outrage on the body of Hector, and by the time that Bernal Díaz wrote, already the Spaniards had begun to doubt the virtue of their conquest. They looked at America and saw the natives enslaved, communal lands swallowed up in great private estates, the Aztec sewage-system, the Inca irriga-

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* *The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.* By Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Trans. A. P. Maudslay. *Mark Paterson: Farrar Straus & Cudahy, New York.* 52s.

The Conquest of Mexico. By W. H. Prescott. *Dent.* 2 Vols. 10s. 6d. *each.*

The Conquistadors. By Jean Descola. Trans. Malcolm Barnes. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

tion-system in decay, leading to pestilence here and poverty there; and all so that the conquered silver-mines should sustain mushroom towns of speculation and vice before feeding disastrous European wars and nimble Dutch privateers. Particularly they discovered, in retrospect, the benevolent communism of the Incas, 'that well-governed people which', said the dying conquistador, Mancio Sierra Lejesema, 'by our bad example we have destroyed'. In the seventeenth century, Spain's century of hangover, the whole ideology of conquest was cut off from the springs which had fed it. Santiago Matamoros, the age-old patron saint of conquest and crusade, was driven out of business by the mystical St Teresa, and the romances of chivalry were laughed out of existence by Cervantes. In the new climate of opinion Garcilasso de la Vega, the descendant of the Inca kings, was able to turn the tables on the conquerors, idealising the old empire they had overthrown. Today, in the general reaction against imperialism, even the horrible Aztecs are idealised. Their final misfortunes are lamented; their hideous art is cried up; their own imperialism, their own frightfulness is forgotten. After all, they were defeated, and for propaganda, as for epic poetry, there is nothing so good as a real, final defeat. All the same, it is to the terrible conquerors, not their far more terrible victims, that we owe the epic of Mexico, as of Troy.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

He and She

'So fingers shape, so heat bakes clay
That it becomes unearthly stuff,
Drinking the amber of the day
And sure it cannot hold enough.'

'I swirl with day like glassy gold,
Like straw-transparent Nippon tea:
How thin my cup, what fires I hold,
What luminous liquidity!'

'A moment when the wave is high
And like a Hokusai dragon curled,
A moment when we love and die,
Your thin glazed substance props the world!'

'I am no cup, I am your shore,
My grains worn fine beneath your wave.
My shape is what is yours no more,
I thrust between you and the grave.'

'Like water in a cup, my sea
Is held within your cup of lands.
Only the shape you take is me
And I am water in your hands.'

'But not to close the trope too soon
Nor press the metaphor too much,
Some other, distant as the Moon,
Controls the tides she does not touch!'

'But not to let the theme run on
Nor lose the chance to point a moral,
Am I not your Endymion?
And with yourself why should you quarrel?'

'No, Earth, not Moon, my shores must suffer
Breakers of alien unrest·
Mere moonshine moves you to me, constant lover:
Child, ocean, landlocked in my laughing breast!'

G. S. FRASER

The Forgotten Years

The Crisis of the Old Order. By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, Jr. *Heinemann.* 42*s.*

Three quotations preface my comments on Professor Schlesinger's first volume in his series on the Age of Roosevelt. The first is from the veteran reformer, Frederic C. Howe, who said of the post-1920 witch-hunt that, if few liberals had actual indictments hanging over them, 'all felt a sentence suspended over their enthusiasms, their beliefs, their innermost thoughts'. The second is from another liberal, Donald Richberg. 'Throughout this period', he said of the Twenties, 'the progressive forces in American political life had only the vaguest ideas of where they were going'. And the third is from William Allen White: 'You cannot dramatise the injustices of the present situation. Hence the reformer's occupation is gone'.

There is no need to underline the parallel between the two post-war decades. Rather, there should be no need to underline it. But the generation which survives from what Mencken called 'the years of the booboisie', the epoch of prohibition and keeping cool with Coolidge, finds its memory blunted: the collapse of the American way of life in 1929, the bread lines and the bitterness, are lost somewhere in that limbo where recollection has failed and history has not quite begun. And college students in America today are growing up without realising that thirty years ago their parents lived through a period in which prosperity, the drive against heresy and the confusion of liberals had much the same impact as they have had in the ten years of the cold war.

It is against this background that one must judge both the content and the timing of Mr Schlesinger's book. It has appeared at exactly the right moment, when American opinion is again open to argument, when new ideas can be advanced and old traditions recalled, and when again it may be possible for liberalism to be an accepted and effective force in American life. Mr Schlesinger's book is making an important contribution to that widening debate, for it is immensely competent, assured in its treatment, reasonable in its assessments: by the concise summary and the selective quotation it moves forward steadily through the forgotten years.

The technique is ingenious – as it must be if Mr Schlesinger's patient burrowing in the Roosevelt papers at Hyde Park is to throw up a set of volumes which are both readable and comprehensive. In this, the first of them, he has not only to show how the Age of Roosevelt arose out of the triple impact of world war, depression and the progressive tradition in America: he has also to identify the men through whom this impact was expressed, names that by the early Thirties were to flicker quickly into the headlines. Berle, Hull, Wallace, Frankfurter, Tugwell, Frances Perkins, Harry Hopkins, Ickes, Dean Acheson – new faces to replace Mellon, Dwight Morrow, Swope, the Morgan partners, Insull, Kreuger and the other symbols of the Harding-Hoover decade.

Mr Schlesinger seems to have started by visualising an imaginary photograph, something like one of those panoramas taken at school or at conferences. The place – Washington. The time – Inauguration Day, 1933. At the centre, like the headmaster or the union president, sits Franklin Delano Roosevelt. 'I will explain to you', Mr Schlesinger says in effect, 'who that man was, how he came there, and what part was played by those men and women beside and be-

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

hind him'. So, reaching back to Wilson's New Freedom and Teddy Roosevelt's New Nationalism (the pre-1914 version of the two streams in American democracy, coming down from Jefferson and Hamilton, joining and parting across the years), Mr Schlesinger picks out the men, and the economic, political and literary trends, which came together to make possible the New Deal and to give it form – that flexible and contradictory form which sprang from its effort to marry two distinct traditions to save the best in each. The technique is ingenious, and the ordinary reader is unlikely to notice its chief defect. By working back in this way Mr Schlesinger comes precious close to teleology – the sense of the preordained concurrence of men and events for an inevitable end, that because things happened this way it was the only way they could have happened. This makes for good reading: the device is nowhere used more effectively than in Trotsky's historical writing. But it can act as a barrier to proper analysis, and it is the absence of new material or new assessments that makes this book easy to assimilate but somewhat disappointing.

I do not wish to do Mr Schlesinger any injustice. Within the popular limits he has set for himself he has done a splendid job, and I have already noted the value of a book of this kind at this time. And he has worked so hard at the source material, his grasp of the period is so secure, that one can reasonably expect him to see rather deeper than the conventional populariser. Yet, for all its clarity, this book lacks a cutting edge. Mr Schlesinger's appraisal is not only smooth; it is curiously isolated from the outside world. Maybe the United States was introverted in the Twenties, but it was not in fact isolated from a world in which Mussolini and Hitler were marching to power on the ruins of an old order already torn by the crisis which broke upon America in 1929, in which Japan was turning to imperialist expansion, and in which American policy was to evade the responsibilities which the second world war was to rivet inescapably on Washington. Some of the problems of American liberalism arise from the very isolationism that Mr Schlesinger's volume reflects. Perhaps, when he comes to work over the New Deal and the war years in detail he may offer more profound answers to some of the riddles of the Roosevelt epoch: indeed, these books will do a great service if Mr Schlesinger can round them off by explaining what went wrong—why, after the great sweep of liberal ideas and experiment in the Thirties, everything went sour and the post-war cycle repeated the pattern of disillusion and the hysterical search for conformity. Mr Schlesinger is building up the material and the momentum for such an assessment, if he can find his way to asking the right questions.

If American liberalism is to spring up again from the fallow field of the cold war decade, it needs more than remembrance of past harvests to fertilise it: the mistakes and weaknesses must be remembered too. I have an uneasy feeling after reading this book that, in his effort to set straight the record of the Roosevelt years and to weed out the perversions of the Age of McCarthy, Mr Schlesinger may not deal as stringently with the Roosevelt liberals as he has dealt in this book with the spokesmen of the booboisie. I hope I shall be mistaken, for, whatever detailed criticisms can be directed against this book, it and its successors will undoubtedly be the text on which this generation will rely for much of its knowledge and many of its judgments of the inter-war years. Popularity has its rewards, but it has also its responsibilities.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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The Great Engineer

Isambard Kingdom Brunel. By L. T. C. ROLT. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

I. K. Brunel was a great man; the greatest engineer of the nineteenth century, Mr Rolt says, and he is probably right. Many of Brunel's achievements are still with us from the tunnel under the Thames, which he executed along with his father, to the Clifton suspension bridge which was completed as a memorial after his death. The Great Western railway was his doing from start to finish. Tunnels, bridges and track still display his genius, though, alas, the broad gauge has vanished. Steamships have a shorter life, and here we have to rely on the record: the first Atlantic steamers to do a regular commercial crossing and, above all, that leviathan the *Great Eastern*, ill-fated and unsuccessful except as a cable-layer, yet somehow expressing the grandiose self-confidence of the early Victorian age. All this was crammed into a short life of fifty-three years, a life cluttered up with a hundred other projects as ambitious as those which succeeded.

As Brunel's biographer, Mr Rolt is almost too accomplished. He has every admirable quality. He is an excellent writer in love with his subject. He has discovered much new material and presents the story of the *Great Eastern*, particularly, more accurately than it has been known before. He is an authority on the English countryside, on canals and on railways. He is a trained engineer who understands Brunel's most complicated devices. Indeed he is altogether too expert for me here. When Brunel and Mr Rolt really get going on the Thames tunnel or on launching the *Great Eastern*, I am right out of my depth; but since I cannot take a tyre off a bicycle-wheel this is not surprising. The reader need not be frightened about this. One can go on reading with excitement even if one has not the vaguest idea what the bustle is about. There is one aspect of Brunel's career on which Mr Rolt is himself a little vague: he does not make it clear how these vast undertakings were financed. No doubt Brunel was equally in the dark as were those who backed him – they often lost their money. Otherwise this biography is very near perfect, a first-rate contribution to history as well as a pleasure to read.

The book has disturbed me in one particular. It has upset my previous opinions about the novels of Dickens. I had always supposed that these, with their air of endless bustle and their fantastic characters, were the creation of Dickens's exuberant imagination. I said to myself: 'This is the Inimitable at work'. It never crossed my mind that the early Victorian age was at all like that. After studying Brunel's career, I realise that I had got things quite the wrong way round. Dickens was a sober, indeed a cautious, realist. Far from exaggerating the contemporary scene, he played it down. If he had tried to put Brunel into a novel, people would have said: 'This time Dickens has overreached himself; he has gone too far'. Brunel was no doubt out-size, but he was very much a man of his times. The thirty years after Waterloo ran over with Napoleons – men who recognised no limits to their genius – but Napoleons who turned their energy into civil creative channels. What could be more Napoleonic than designing a great railway on lines different from any other, surveying every inch of the ground in person, supervising the laying of the track and constructing on new principles all the tunnels and bridges? Yet this was merely an episode in Brunel's life. No wonder Mr Rolt thinks that there has never been an age like it. But he carries his claim too far. It was an age of individual achievement. Now the collective enterprise of scientists provides us with power beyond Brunel's most lavish dreams.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

In Tibet

The Jewel in the Lotus. By B. J. GOULD. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

Young Days in Tibet. By TSEWANG PEMBA. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Prisoner in Red Tibet. By SYDNEY WIGNALL. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

'Mysterious' is the wrong word to apply to Tibet. Geography and religion make it strange, remarkable, different, interesting; but there is nothing about the country which is unintelligible. Of course, it is as inaccessible as ever, for while the Tibetans themselves are hospitable people, their Chinese masters are not. The new road from Chungking to Lhasa and beyond was finished at the same time as the Himalayan passes were closed against entry from the south, making it quite clear in which direction the Tibetans were expected not to look. It hasn't worked. The Tibetans hate their overlords, and last year, almost unnoticed, a native rising provoked the Asiatic equivalent of the Hungarian atrocities. Whole villages and monasteries were destroyed by Communist guns and aircraft, and 30,000 troops were brought from China to pacify the area. It aroused scarcely a murmur of protest from the West. We too easily assumed that Tibet was a natural Communist satellite, cut off from her southern neighbours by mountains and temperament, debilitated by too much praying, unable and perhaps unwilling to govern itself. These three books, in unconscious collaboration, make it clear that Tibet is nothing of the sort.

Of the three, Sir Basil Gould's is the most worth reading but the least easy to read. Surveying a lifetime of service as a political officer in the northern and north-western frontier regions of India, he draws up a calendar of minor crises between and during the two world wars, annotating it with tiny sketches of the many people who worked with him or against him. The effect is one of an autographed menu at a Regimental

reunion. Nobody must be left out. This is the disadvantage of a civil servant's autobiography. It is as if, in 1990, a distinguished official were to write down his recollections of Azerbaijan, Amman, Cos, Abadan and Oman in the 1950s, adding incidents from his spells of leave or attachments to the Headquarters in Cairo and Cyprus. There is a link between Sir Basil's varied experiences, which Sir Ernest Barker indicates in his introduction: 'This record of 37 years' service,' he writes, 'will stand as a permanent monument of days which are now vanished and gone. Nothing of this kind can happen again.' I suppose it can't. Nothing, at least, so unselfconsciously paternal as Sir Basil's satrapies. He was a really great Imperialist because he took equal trouble about ordinary and extraordinary people. Almost the last and most delightful picture he gives us is of the installation of the five-year-old Dalai Lama in 1940. Sir Basil, who was heading the British Mission to Lhasa, produced our official gifts: a gold clock with a nightingale that popped out and sang, a model motor-car with pedals, and a tricycle. The little boy's huge eyes could be seen swivelling round at the toys as he was lifted off his throne.

Dr Pemba's *Young Days in Tibet* suffers from his fear of offending either his native or his adopted country. He is the first Tibetan graduate of London University, and describes his boyhood in the western part of Tibet twenty years ago. When he begins to glow in the recollection of his old grandmother or of the great treks he made over the 16,000-foot passes to Lhasa, a blush mounts to his cheeks as he reminds us that he is now beyond such simple pleasures. Having repeated a Tibetan myth of innocent fantasy, he comments, 'Many people will smile at this, I myself am not quite sure what to make of it.' He is never quite sure. But when he stops being Dr Pemba, and rediscovers for pages at a time the boy Tsewang Pemba of Gyantse, he makes us understand how Sir Basil Gould could write, 'The Tibetans are among the most natural people in the world. What counts for most is the atmosphere of awe, joy, reverence, exaltation and not seldom of fun, which surrounds them'.

Mr Wignall had little fun, except when he teased his Chinese captors. *Prisoner in Red Tibet* is the story of his imprisonment by the Communists, when he led his mountaineering expedition across the ill-defined frontier between Nepal and Tibet in 1955. He found it impossible to explain to the Communists that a Welshman could come all that way in order to climb mountains. 'You were looking for uranium?' 'No.' 'You wanted to occupy the mountain?' 'No, I wanted to climb it.' 'Who is the big leader of your club?' 'The President of the Mountaineering Club of North Wales is Mr Eugene Brunning, C.B.E.' 'What does C.B.E. mean?' 'It is a decoration awarded by the Queen for services to the Commonwealth.' 'You admit then that this Brunning is a British agent?' And so on. Eventually Mr Wignall was allowed to go having promised to apologise to the Chinese Embassy in London if future surveys showed that he had been arrested on the Tibetan side of the frontier. Face was saved, and with two companions he made his way back over a 19,000 foot pass in midwinter. How he survived this unprecedented journey is the second-best part of the book. The best part is the interrogation.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Recent Joycean studies include *Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation*, by Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain (John Calder, 30s.) and *Joyce and Shakespeare*, by William M. Schutte (Oxford: Yale, 32s.).

Enthusiast

First and Last Love. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Opera Caravan. By QUAINTANCE EATON. *Calder.* 30*s.*

The Memoirs of Beniamino Gigli. Translated by DARINA SILONE. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Mr Vincent Sheean is one of a group of American foreign correspondents who established themselves as something of a new journalistic species in the years between the wars: tremendously in the know, perpetually on the move, one jump ahead of the latest catastrophe, implacably hostile to dictators, sending home racy, disillusioned and effectively syndicated reports on the European jungle, and every few years decanting their varied experiences into a best-selling blend of autobiography and political chronicle.

Yet all the time, we are now amazed to learn, it was not only – perhaps not even mainly – Hitler and Mussolini, Franco and Stalin that Mr Sheean was after, but a very different and vastly more agreeable kind of fauna: Chaliapin and Pinza, Melchior and Schorr, Mary Garden and Frida Leider and Lotte Lehmann. Music is his deepest love; opera his lifelong passion. During the past thirty-five years he has turned up at all the most interesting and exciting musical occasions with such regularity that our suspicions harden into certainty: prima donnas have surely come first in his career, dictators a bad second? His ingrained love of singing, derived perhaps from his Irish ancestry, is no cool connoisseurship, but an impassioned self-identification with the living and breathing artist. Being a practised and vivid writer, he has produced a 'listener's autobiography' which will delight thousands, as it has delighted me: a book resembling Rorke's *Musical Pilgrim's Progress*, but centered on opera and lieder rather than on piano and orchestra.

In Mr Sheean's home-town in the state of Illinois, his youthful passion for music was nourished in the 'Chautauqua', a kind of summer amusement-and-edification-park of which he gives a lively picture. From early youth he plunged gluttonously into music of all sorts, rampaging through opera scores with a chum at the piano, listening to everything that came his way, 'vaguely liking some things more than others, but rejecting nothing'. That is surely the healthy way to approach music; I never feel quite happy about those young people who develop in their teens a pure and highly selective taste for Purcell and Webern – and almost nothing in between. Mr Sheean was fortunate enough to reach Chicago during that city's great operatic period, and he quickly began to appreciate and discriminate, though (he adds) 'it was a long time before I learned not to enjoy a performance of music and sometimes . . . I wonder whether I ever did'.

This glorious receptiveness makes him the listener of whom singers and composers dream. At the Metropolitan he heard Frida Leider in Wagner:

> Isolde and Brünnhilde were hers and there are no moderate ways of expressing how deeply she could move us in them. . . . I have been so shaken by her Isolde, again and again, that I could no longer stand up, and had to sit on the floor of the house in that area at the back where the standees go. Some of these *Tristan* performances left me very uncertain of my own surroundings. . . .

Does that sound like gush? It sounds to me like truth; and Mr Sheean shows that he is no inat-

V. L. ALLEN

Trade Union Leadership

Mr. Allen's earlier book, *Power in Trade Unions*, created an immense stir. This new work is perhaps even more topical for it concerns the exercise of power, the ethics of the leadership, and the attitude towards acceptance of Honours, along with much else.

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LONGMANS

tentive daydreamer by giving us, time and again, as vivid and detailed an account as we shall find anywhere of the great operatic interpreters in action. At one moment, like many of his generation, he became a Wagner addict to the temporary exclusion of Italian opera; but his taste was by nature too generous to allow such a condition to last; and he soon embarks on a long account of opera-going at La Scala which is sympathetic and fascinating, if not always accurate. It is, I agree, not the point of such a book as this to be scholarly; all the same, any musical friend could easily have removed many trivial errors. The book is dedicated to, and introduced by, Mme Lotte Lehmann, who has remained – with good reason – the greatest of all Mr Sheean's many enthusiasms.

An amusing supplement to the American part of his narrative is provided by *Opera Caravan*, an admirably written account of the Metropolitan Opera on tour from 1883 to 1956, with 32 pages of pictures and an appendix of complete casts lists for every performance given by the company outside New York – thus neatly rounding off the information contained in Mr Seltsam's *Metropolitan Opera Annals*. Beniamino Gigli is not one of Mr Sheean's heroes; but there are many opera-lovers for whom he is the greatest of singers, and they will be charmed by his Memoirs. A likeable, simple personality is revealed – just too simple, perhaps, to serve as the foundation of great interpretive art. The book, which contains an excellent discography, is so well written that I should guess Signora Silone, the novelist's Irish wife, to have played rather more than a translator's role in its genesis. As usual, early days provide the best part of the story; but amid the monotonous succession of later triumphs there are some glorious set-pieces like the tenor's battle with Mme Jeritza, which reads like a collaboration between Beachcomber and Mr Arthur Marshall. In *Fedora* 'my top hat dropped on the floor; with a well-placed kick, Madame Jeritza sent it spinning neatly across the stage'. Ah, what would opera be without its sacred monsters? And why wasn't it a fedora?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Welsh Coxswain

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The Scarecrow of Europe

The Taxis of the Marne. By JEAN DUTOURD. *Secker & Warburg*. 16*s*.

I read this book with great pleasure and growing exasperation. Dutourd was a young conscript of 20 when the French front collapsed in 1940. After his unit broke up, he and four other soldiers led by their sergeant, Cepi, walked westwards into Brittany and finally surrendered at Auray. They knew the battle was lost, that their generals were fools; they felt no duty to redeem France's shame by a desperate act of heroism. Only in the decade of decay which followed the Liberation did Dutourd, now a successful novelist and playwright, become aware of the full nature of the catastrophe of 1940, and the extent to which it marked a watershed between the old and new France. Why, he found himself asking, did the courage and the imagination, which saved France in 1914, disappear in the generation which followed? Why were there no taxis of the Seine in 1940?

His first conclusion is that the battle was lost by stupidity. When war was declared, the government buoyed up public opinion with the slogan: 'We shall win because we are the strongest'. It was true: in 1940, the French troops alone outnumbered the force employed in the Nazi offensive. The only trouble was that their generals lacked the intelligence to get them to fight properly. 'What loses wars first and foremost is stupidity.' And why were the generals so stupid? Because of the 'ridiculous antagonism' in France between the 'helmets' and the 'top hats'. Since 1885, when the word 'intellectual' was first coined,

> the conclusion was reached that intelligence was an end in itself and not, as had been thought until then, a means of conquering glory and power. . . . The Conservatives in France became hostile to intelligence, seeing it in the guise of a Radical Party professor, while the left became hostile to force . . .

The intellectuals, in Dutourd's view, conquered French opinion after 1918 because the colossal sacrifices of the trenches gave an emotional justification to a rationalist, unheroic view of life. The result was Cepi, his sergeant.

> He was torn between two duties, patriotism and safekeeping of his men. It was not really surprising that he chose the second. . . . France is full of people like Cepi who lament in good faith about decadence but who practise the indulgent and utilitarian morality of countries that have ceased to believe in their national destiny.

The mechanics of 1940 still govern France today. Hence the rejection of de Gaulle. Hence the growing fashion of calling things after 'glorious defeats': there is a Place de Narvik in Paris, a 'Dien Bien Phu Platoon' at St Cyr. France has succumbed to 'the cult of martyrdom', to the comfortable assumption that failure is merely bad luck. The moral is 'do nothing. Real political wisdom is Edgar Faure'. The 'men of fifty', those who provided the reluctant cannon-fodder of defeat in 1940, are now the rulers of France. They are the real lost generation, soon to be brought to trial.

But after the vituperation, after the diagnosis, what cure has Dutourd to offer? It is here that the book collapses. 'I say categorically', Dutourd writes,

> I hate the future. . . . The future of the modern world is not freedom. . . . It is the police. American, Russian, Chinese or perhaps Hindu police. . . .

His hero is Julian the Apostate, who harnessed the power of the Roman empire to the task of recalling the past, and who was killed by the new barbarism of Christianity. His own moment of supreme passion, pleasure and peace with the world came in 1943, as a member of the resistance: 'I am all alone, walking down a dark street that smells of drains. I am rapturously caressing a revolver in the right-hand pocket of my overcoat. At last I know who the enemy is and what must be done about it'.

For a book which has sold 50,000 copies in France, and which has been hailed as a triumph by a quavering chorus of Academicians, this really is not good enough. Zola said of himself: 'My mind is like a room full of heavy furniture, not easily shifted'. But at least the decor was all of a piece, good solid Victorian stuff, built to last a long time. Dutourd's mind is full of an amazing collection of bric-à-brac, jumbled together in total confusion, with a few genuine antiques standing out from among the Tottenham Court Road: Malraux and Péguy, Rivarol and Aragon, Existentialist bedsteads and Communist coal-scuttles, Gide *bergères* and Chateaubriand commodes, and great, sagging Voltairean sofas stuffed with old copies of the *Canard Enchainée*. Amidst this chaos, Dutourd rushes frenziedly about, barking his shins and kicking up clouds of dust. If only, he laments, the French army had been issued with jack-boots instead of carpet-slippers. If only the Commune had succeeded, and Paris, instead of Moscow, had become the capital of world Communism. If only Claudel instead of Giraudoux had been in charge of propaganda in 1939. One might well add: if only Dreyfus had not been a Jew and Felix Faure had not burst a blood-vessel while making love to his mistress.

The Taxis of the Marne, in fact, accurately pins down the psychological malaise of France, but more by accident than by intention. Dutourd remarks, correctly, that too many Frenchmen regard their memories as rights; but his whole book is a convincing demonstration that he himself shares the fallacy. Most Frenchmen feel in their bowels that the world owes them a living: that France has stored up an incalculable treasure of historical capital, on which she can continue to draw comfortable dividends for the rest of eternity. But there is no place for a *rentier* nation in an age of nationalisations, and France's post-war humiliations stem from her unwillingness to recognise the fact. She is a macrocosm of the Universal Suez Canal Company.

If anyone is to blame for the 1940 defeat, it is Britain and America, who handed to France the responsibility for preserving the Versailles settlement. In the Twenties, under Poincaré, with industrial production rising fast, she looked equal to the job; but after 1929, production fell steadily, and France began to show and feel her age, a ferocious but shrunken scarecrow, supported by a ring of impotent allies. The man most responsible for France's current miseries is General de Gaulle: by sheer will-power he propped up the scarecrow again, and convinced a good many of his compatriots that it had never fallen down. France emerged from the war a member of the Big Four, with her empire largely intact. True, she was not given real responsibilities this time – the Americans are shrewdly aware that France will never fight again. But even a facade is expensive: France is bankrupting herself over Algeria because she knows that, without it, the pretence can't be kept up. Italy was fortunate to lose not merely the war, but her colonies and her status as a great power. The tragedy of 1940 is not that it occurred, but that it was so soon forgotten: as Dutourd himself remarks, 'in France all examples are wasted'.

PAUL JOHNSON

Involved in Mankind

The Direction of Human Development. By M. F. Ashley Montagu. *Watts.* 28*s.*

Man as an Animal. By W. C. Osman Hill. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Among the Malayans, the orang-utan used to be accepted as a kind of man, whereas some anthropologists have held that the world's population of human beings should be divided into several species. Today, there is no serious disagreement that all living men should be classified together in the one species, *Homo sapiens*, but there is less accord on the question 'What is man?' when this is asked in a non-taxonomic sense. Although, in every period, philosophers have generally emphasised the co-operative nature of human societies, recently, as Professor Montagu points out, the Darwinian notion of the 'preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life' has been applied to man. This was part of the late nineteenth-century emphasis on man as a product of evolution and a part of nature. Professor Montagu's book represents the present movement away from this position, towards a renewed concern with the uniqueness of man instead of his zoological status as a 'higher ape' – a movement with a scientific, not a religious, foundation. The contrast between the two attitudes is pointed by a reading of Dr Hill's study, which belongs to the earlier tradition.

Dr Hill's emphasis is on the animal nature of man. The best part of his book is the lucid account of our bodily structure and, in Darwin's words, 'the indelible stamp of lowly origin' which it displays. The concern with the 'purely biological' level of analysis leads Dr Hill to omit almost everything about man which makes him unique, although speech and other aspects of behaviour are briefly mentioned. This would matter little had Dr Hill confined himself to comparative anatomy and embryology; but, unfortunately, he tries also to apply certain fundamental biological principles to the study of man, and he gets the principles wrong. He defines heredity, for instance, as the characters that an organism derives from its progenitors, when in fact it is not *characters* that are transmitted at all: it is *genes* that we get from our parents; these confer certain potentialities on us, and the extent to which these are realised depends on nurture. It is therefore not surprising to find that Dr Hill ascribes fixed 'instincts' to our own species, that he writes of the Nordic and Cro-Magnon 'races', or that he calls 'the negro' a primitive type. His neglect of current anthropology even leads him to repeat the long-discarded notion that racial types reflect differences in the secretions of the ductless glands.

This is not only a matter of minor, technical errors: it is a question of applying correctly the most fundamental biological principles to the known facts of human existence. While Dr Hill fails to do this, Professor Montagu conspicuously succeeds. The most general question he tries to answer is: how do nature and nurture interact to produce the variety of human behaviour? He rejects 'the pathetic fallacy which maintains that man is essentially a function of his genes', since it ignores man's unique adaptability to a wide range of environments. In support of this thesis he discusses not only human genetics, but also the evidence from the study of human societies; he presents the best short summary I know, of the case for the determination of morals, beliefs and even needs by the cultural milieu. Professor Montagu also reviews, though more technically, the mode of functioning of the brain – the organ which confers on us our behavioural plasticity.

Some of his argument is familiar enough; but, although there is much speculation, every chapter deserves close reading for the diversity of the examples and the extent of the documentation. One of the major themes, the analysis of the ways in which human beings depend on each other, is introduced by a survey of human needs. Professor Montagu makes it clear that, while we all, obviously enough, have certain primary needs in common, for instance for food and sleep, the ways in which we satisfy them are infinitely various. The same applies to the important group of 'non-vital basic needs' – those which must be satisfied if mental health is to be maintained. Although these cannot be defined with the scientific formality of the first group, Professor Montagu does not shrink from discussing them at length: they include 'the need to be loved, the need to love, the need to be with others, communication'. Many of our further ('derived') needs, such as those for shelter, skill and much else, arise from satisfaction of the basic needs; still others, the 'acquired needs,' are individual, personal and idiosyncratic, as well as culturally determined: for instance, the need for nicotine (of which the Professor disapproves) or for alcohol (which is favoured as a tension reducer).

The hypothetical internal mechanisms, or 'drives', which tend to make man satisfy the primary needs, are sometimes spoken of, in a vague way, as instincts. The fact that the basic needs are fixed has led to the notion of fixed instincts in man, and so to the absurd error that human nature (*i.e.*, behaviour) cannot change. In practice, any human behaviour patterns described as fixed are merely those accepted as 'normal' or 'natural' in the community or social group of the speaker.

Professor Montagu contrasts the notion of original sin (not yet dead) with the Confucian aphorism: 'All men are born good; he who loses his goodness and yet lives is lucky to escape'. This is the prelude to an account of the special needs of infants. It hardly needed scientific investigation to prove that mothers and mother-love are important, but we are now learning in some detail the precise effects of depriving children of them. Among the social implications of this knowledge is the necessity for far better amenities for mothers than even the most welfare-minded state has yet envisaged.

These examples must serve, though inadequately, to convey the extent and interest of the topics discussed in *The Direction of Human Development*. Professor Montagu believes, not only in the essential goodness of man, but in his capacity to learn to improve himself as a social being. He expects that this will come about, above all, by strengthening and fostering the relationship between parents, especially mothers, and their children. In ancient Egypt, he points out, it was said that since God could not be everywhere, he created mothers. The 'aseptic' or 'inhuman' approach to society, to children, to humanity generally, has been attributed to science; but the detached studies of scientists are motivated, not only by disinterested curiosity, but also the desire to better the lot of man. The good life, Bertrand Russell has said, is inspired by love and guided by knowledge. By making clearer what a good life is, scientists such as Professor Montagu are also making a good life more possible.

Anthony Barnett

New Novels

A Walk on the Wild Side. By Nelson Algren. *Spearman.* 15*s.*

The Animal Game. By Frank Tuohy. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Unknown Soldier. By Vaino Linna. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Gazooka. By Gwyn Thomas. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

What has become of the romantic tough? Begotten by Hemingway in the Twenties, he started out as a sawn-off, stream-lined version of the complete man, a de-intellectualised one with the emphasis on action so as to redress the balance from bookishness and æstheticism. The purlieus of low-life, the prison, the ringside, the tramps' jungle were to him as the Sussex Downs or the Cotswolds to a Georgian cricketing poet. His choice for a summer holiday was the Ditch in Marseilles where he consorted with Negro stokers, and perhaps a Finn or two possibly suffering from locomotor ataxia. Occasionally he forgot himself and let a trace of culture show through, such as when he introduced a phrase of Scarlatti into his vamping on the brothel piano, but most of the time he was uncompromisingly deadpan. In the Thirties he lost his pristine apolitical viewpoint, dived into the popular front, became a social realist and was submerged. In the Fifties his place as a conscientious low-lifer seems to have been taken by a different type, more self-conscious, more philosophical and more often than not homosexual.

I am reminded of him by Mr Algren who, I think, stems from his tree. *A Walk On The Wild Side* is in several respects a romantic tough's

Constitutional Proposals for the Federation of Malaya

In February this year the report of the Federation of Malaya Constitutional Commission was published. Their recommendations have now been considered by a working party in the Federation and by the United Kingdom Government. Details of the more important changes now proposed are described in this Command Paper. (Cmnd. 210) 5s. 6d. (*post* 4d.)

The Nigeria Constitutional Conference

Report of the conference convened in London during May and June 1957 for the purpose of reviewing the Federal constitution and examining the question of self-government. (Cmnd. 207) 2s. 6d. (*post* 2d.)

Hong Kong, 1956

The annual report of one of the most colourful and progressive of the British dependencies. Fully illustrated. Cloth bound. 13s. 6d. (*post* 1s.)

HMSO

from the Government Bookshops or through any bookseller

novel. Unfortunately it is a synthetic one; prefabricated matter has been laid on thick all over it with a trowel.

It certainly seems to have gone; the film rights have been sold; the novel has headed the American best-seller list for three months. But to sort out the true from the false, the eloquence from the cornography and the realism from the pornography, would entail laborious microscopical dissection. Dove Linkhorn, son of a crazy lay revivalist preacher, drifts, after some erotic adventures in his home town and a brief spell of hoboing, into New Orleans. The time is the early Thirties. The depression is still full on. Only brothels seem to be doing any business. It becomes rather difficult to concentrate on Dove's day-to-day experiences because Mr Algren frequently switches to prose-poetry, sociological rhapsodies and various devices intended to recapture the spirit of the period. Also Dove himself is a travesty of a character, most difficult to identify yourself with. The poor whores are portrayed with startling variations of tone and mood, ranging, in a single paragraph, from human sympathy to saloon-bar sniggers.

'South America', says a character early in the *The Animal Game*, 'is a tragedy really, or perhaps a farce. It began as Eldorado and now it's the most boring continent in the world. Everything looks all right and it all tastes flat. Everyone wants money but only in order to be respectable and dull . . . After that they all become indifferent . . .' A rather sweeping verdict but it corroborates much of what one has heard and is presumably true within certain limits. This is a highly intelligent, well-written if rather amorphous novel – as a first, unusually promising – about multi-racial social and emotional relationships in Brazil, lightly peppered with politics. Principal characters are Celina, a well-to-do young Brazilian woman, lost and rent in various directions, and Robin Morris, a diffident visiting intellectual who acts as catalyst. There are one or two emotional storms but they turn out to be empty inside and the prevailing mood is flat and downbeat in keeping with the verdict quoted. The characterisation, however, is lively and individual. There are some delicious little sketches of the British Colony at play, especially the younger members. Mr Tuohy, though rather sparing with his descriptions, has a gift for trapping genius loci. Unlike so many novelists writing about foreign countries he gives you the feeling of really being there. I found him a great pleasure to read.

Though it makes little contribution towards solving the great enigma of the war on the eastern front, *The Unknown Soldier* is a worthy epic about the Finns fighting the Russians – not during the winter war of 1940-41 but as allies of Germany after the invasion of June 1941. The military appraisal is simple: 'The German High Command has one valuable tradition. It does not hope, it plans. And the Russians have one sole trump card. They're as stubborn as elephants.' The political viewpoint, though fervently Finnish, is relatively objective and free from rancour. Interest is focused on one unit; there is a good deal of action and incident both under fire and during lulls described in clear detail. No characters stand out as individuals, but you get a strong impression of Finnish ruggedness en masse. A rather wooden book, like a forest of Christmas trees, yet more readable than you expect.

Mr Thomas's vein of Welsh lyrical farce continues to be so entertaining that it seems unreasonable and ungrateful to complain of the repetition, which is, anyway, forced upon him by his genre. In fact, *Gazooka*, a volume of short stories, goes some way towards anticipating the complaint. The title story, some sixty pages long, is based on a radio play. The time is 1926; the theme is a competition between comic bands with the usual frenzied verbal interplay, long sessions in Tasso's café and a knockabout finish with an elegiac overtone: the mixture as before but still effervescent. In some of the other twelve stories Mr Thomas abstains from these manic flights of Cymric verbigeration, which have been his speciality, and experiments with a straighter style. The effect here is limpid and melancholy, life seen through bogwatery spectacles, rather as writers on the other side of the Irish Sea see it. The writing is very nice, very nervous. Interesting developments may perhaps be expected.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,433

Set by John Pomfret

'Slump Staggers the BBC' cried the headlines last Wednesday: 'The number of people who listen to BBC radio is declining sensationally'. The usual prizes are offered for 12 lines of verse from a ballad entitled *The Ancient Listener*. Entries by August 27.

Result of No. 1,430

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Seedsmen when introducing new varieties of plants often name them after famous people. Competitors are invited to give the catalogue description of a plant named after any one of the following: Peter Ustinov, Rose Macaulay, Evelyn Waugh, Colin Wilson, Wolf Mankowitz, Malcolm Muggeridge, John Betjeman, Nancy Spain.

Report

Certainly this competition is an invitation to malice, but the malice (as perhaps I ought to have reminded competitors) must not degenerate into libel. Miss Macaulay – one would be hard pressed to be malicious about her – attracted only one entry, and Mr Mankowitz (hardly for the same reason) was not popular. In general, though there were any number of bright sallies (mostly unpublishable) in among the entries, there were comparatively few which satisfied as wholes. There was too frequent a dependence on the allusion direct, as if the mere bringing in of a book title, for instance, was witty in itself.

Here are a few of the printable gems:

NANCY SPAIN:

Rhododendron (*genus Roedeanodrendron Lacrosticus*). This leather-leaved, low-growing shrub will flourish in most soils. . . its floral display somewhat resembles the *Old Man's Agate*. (Leslie Jerman.)

An improved strain of Never-be-rude-to-the-rich, espagnola vulgaris. . . . Of a somewhat coarse habit of growth . . . it can be seen blooming everywhere most of the blooming time. (P. Y. B.)

(*Rodeana Spinosissima*.) This showy climber is a must for every garden. It needs no culture, and planted in any out-of-the-way corner of a garden will soon thrust towards the light. Occasional raking of muck around this plant will produce astounding results. (Margaret Reid.)

JOHN BETJEMAN:

A prized variant of the common or garden-city afternoon TV rose. Practically thorn-free and easy to grasp. Has a fragrant, mushroomy, pinewoody, evergreen smell. (Stanley J. Sharpless.)

EVELYN WAUGH:

Also known as *Tartar Quill* or the *Abyssinian Snapdragon*. . . . Two or three pints of diluted food improve the glossy foliage. Use a sharp knife when pruning, and wear gloves. (Guy Hadley.)

COLIN WILSON:

Deadly Outside (*extrinsecus*) . . . sow on the far fringe of society, well away from most other plants, so that its remarkable (but mainly green and inedible) fruits may have opportunity to ripen. . . . For the best results surround by volumes of hot air and take Press cuttings as they appear. Of doubtful value as an altar adornment. (J. A. Lindon.)

The prize money is divided between the three following:

Malcolm Muggeridge is a perennial, producing fresh blooms almost every week. It has a superficial resemblance to the Sensitive Plant because of its deceptive appearance of fragility, which is, however, belied by its very hardy nature and its ability to extract nourishment from the most unpromising soil. It needs practically no attention and can be planted between mutually allergic growths without harm to them or itself. The stem, slender and flexible, is often used for the manufacture of string and ties up many articles. The leaves, broad and strong, sometimes provide protective shade for small plants. The flowers, many coloured though never flamboyant, emit a pleasant astringent scent which occasionally acts as an irritant on delicate nostrils.

VERA TELFER

Evelyn Waugh (*Touch-me-not*). An established favourite for indoor culture, but flourishes in most soils and situations. Introduced to Rome some while ago. Varieties include the Mauve, Sweet Scented and Barbed. Yields an abundance of fruit of a piquant, if slightly bitter flavour. Leaves luxuriant, resistant to frost. Does best in lofty positions but will climb down to lower levels. Repels parasites, butterflies and other contributory factors to its decline and fall. A tendency to blight, resulting in exaggerated sensitivity to light and sounds, has recently been reported; for this, treatment with bromides and neat water is recommended.

D. R. PEDDY

Colin Wilson (*Adulescens Gollanczii Superabundans*). Prolific, semi-hardy rambler of remarkably rapid growth. First discovered in wild state on Hampstead Heath but now extensively cultivated especially in Bloomsbury and Chelsea. Produces wealth of greyish leaves with distinctive yellow backs; flowers briefly and irregularly with massy blossoms of subfusc shades and subtle but pervasive odour. Will grow almost anywhere, but foggy atmosphere and thin, shallow soil preferred. Especially recommended for those starting a new garden, as it will cover a great deal of ground in a short time, but may be easily got rid of later owing to its lack of roots. If best results are desired it should be pruned generously.

D. A. J. S.

City Lights

Chinese Laundry Blues

If anyone tells you that he does something or other in the City, be sure to find out what: the place is rapidly becoming unrecognisable. Dividend stripping, the Chancellor's umbrella, the disappearing trick, the Kuwait gap – each in turn has gone the way of thimble-rigging and find-the-lady. Now, apparently, bond-washing is to follow. And what, may one ask, is to happen to the profits of our more enterprising financial institutions and to the City worker's standard of living? What is to become of the gilt-edged market?

The City's financial machinery, to be fair, is blind to artificial distinctions between capital and income. If interest on a gilt-edged stock accrues day by day, the market price naturally reflects the fact. Just before dividend date, the stock is

full of interest, afterwards the price drops back: the market, in its own harsh jargon, deals in the stock either cum or ex dividend. This arrangement suits everyone, as market arrangements should. Suppose, for example, that a stock stands at £103 on the day before a 5 per cent dividend is due – the odd £3 being a rough allowance for the net value of the dividend. Then Moneybags, the surtax-payer, reckoning that £3 is a good deal more than the Revenue will leave him out of a £5 dividend, will be glad to sell. Another investor – perhaps Moneybags, Ltd, the finance company, an incorporated aspect of Moneybags – will reckon £3 a reasonable price for £5 of assets and be glad to buy. Everyone gains except the Revenue, and even the Revenue objects only when the process is streamlined into bond-washing—buying cum and selling ex (or the other way round) simultaneously.

When things get mechanised to this extent, the Revenue begins to lose on a large scale. When a stock is sold cum dividend, a certificate is issued that tax on the dividend has been deducted, and there are any number of ways (once enough people have joined in) of creating artificial dividends and claiming back tax that has never been paid. The trouble is, as it was in the dollar-security game, that most of the individual cogs in the machine can claim that they are acting with perfect propriety: one can hardly expect a dealer to turn away business until he is certain that it is tainted. The Revenue can do very little about it directly without creating a first-class scandal and the matter has been handed over to the Stock Exchange Council. The Council, in fact, changed its dealing rules about short-dated bonds a year ago in the hope that this would force the laundry to close down. Instead, it merely moved its premises and increased its turnover. The Council, acting no doubt under considerable pressure, has now sent a further memorandum to all members.

The tone of this memorandum is remarkably strong. It speaks bluntly of members participating as well as co-operating in bond-washing operations, and warns them that any further cases which come to its notice (pending further changes in the dealing rules) will be subject to disciplinary action. The columnists have been oddly reticent about this circular, but many respectable faces in the City are purple.

* * *

Whatever the next move on exchange rates may be—and Dr Erhard has now admitted that the D-mark is overvalued—the 'defence of the franc' has turned out to be something of a flop. France has long operated a system of export subsidies and import taxes amounting to selective devaluation. M. Gaillard thought he could ease the strain on the economy a little by extending and regularising this system.

But everyone was expecting the franc to be devalued, and M. Gaillard's announcement came as an impossibly damp squib. It came too suddenly, in any case, for the central bankers to get together and arrange new dealing arrangements. The exchange markets were in chaos on Monday morning. By lunchtime, however, the Bank of England had made up its mind. Whether or not the Bank of France's reputation for doing down sterling had anything to do with it, nobody will ever know—*l'Information* has accused the Bank of giving way to nerves and bad temper—but the Bank of England decided to devalue the franc, and everyone except France followed suit. The situation is now absurdly uncertain (speculators, fairly enough, are whispering 'sterling next' to one another) and will probably remain so until after next month's meeting of the IMF.

TAURUS

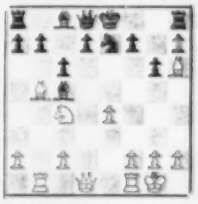
The Chess Board

No. 405. Lasker Called It a Crime

What's more, he pleaded guilty of 'criminal negligence' when, in this clearly-won position (against Bogatyrtchuk at Moscow 1935) he prematurely played

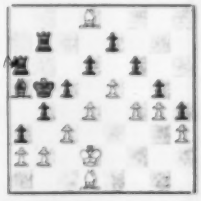
(1) P-K4 and thereby gave Black the chance of saving the game by . . . P-Q5! True enough, the Black P will get lost, but White has irrevocably blocked the vital h1-c6 diagonal and could, obviously, make no headway after (2) B-B4, B-Kt2; (3) K-Kt5, B-B1; (4) K-B4, K-Q2; (5) K-B3, B-Kt2; (6) K-K2, B-B1; (7) K-Q3, B-Kt2; (8) KxP, B-B1; (9) K-K3, B-Kt2, etc. To win the game, White should have first brought his K to Q4 before using P-K4 as a really effective 'lever', to use one of Hans Kmoch's favourite terms in his new book *Die Kunst der Bauernführung* (Siegfried Engelhardt Verlag, Berlin-Frohnau, *D.M.* 12.60). It is remarkable, though, for a good deal more than the author's highly original and somewhat quaint terminology, and it certainly lives up to the subtitle's promise of contributing to the knowledge of chess strategy; it is indeed a highly instructive survey of the pawn formations to be aspired to or avoided, and the most interesting part of the book contains some fifty games, almost all of fairly recent vintage, most of them dealing with Benoni formations of one type or another, and every one lucidly annotated with the author's special regard to the pawn-formations. Here (Fuderer-Tartakower, Bled 1950) is the critical position. / r1bq1rk1/ ktp1pktppp/ pb6/ 2pP4/ BP2P3/ Kt4Kt2/ P4PPP/ R1BQ1RK1/. By the obvious (12) P-Q6 White provides a 'ram', to use Kmoch's very own terminology which contains such beauties as 'centre-snap' (for a P capturing towards the centre); 'leukarchy' and 'melarchy' (for domination of the White and Black squares respectively); and 'square-sweeper' (for a P sacrificially vacating a square for the benefit of a piece). After . . . Kt-Kt3; (13) Kt-B4, PxP; (14) B-KKt5! is duly praised for provoking . . . P-B3 and thereby 'lever-chances' for the opening of files and the activation of the Rooks. (15) KtxB, QxKt; (16) B-K3, Q-Q1; (17) P-K5! (good old lever!), KtxP; (18) KtxKt, PxKt; (19) P-B4! (another lever), P-K5; (20) P-B5!, Kt-B3; (21) Q-Q5 ch, K-R1; (22) P-B6!! (super-lever!), PxP; (23) B-Kt3, P-Kt4; (24) R-B4, B-Kt2; (25) R-R4, P-B4 (sadly forced to open up the big diagonal); (26) R-R6, K-Kt2; (27) R-KB1, R-B3; (28) RxBP!, RxR(h6); (29) BxR ch and soon mates.

A: Hans Kmoch 193



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position decided for White by one fell blow. **B** exemplifies the impregnability of certain P-positions, and if I add that, so as to force the draw, White must give up both his pieces, this should be the best bargain ever going for 6 ladder-points. **C**, a win for White, is not too difficult, either, for 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 26 August.

B: W. E. Rudolph 1912



C: C. A. Peronace 1952

Competition Report held over for lack of space.

ASSIAC

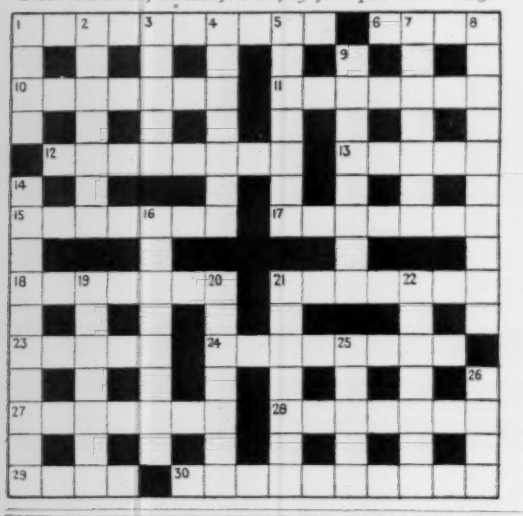
There are few tobaccos as good as

RICH DARK HONEYDEW

FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT 4/10 PER OZ.

Week-end Crossword 264

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 264, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 27 Aug.



ACROSS

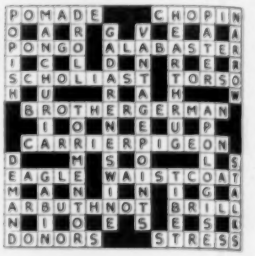
1. Studies records for the police (10).
6. The figure is between two numbers (4).
10. Storm and plague following weather forecasting's reverse (7).
11. The runaway concludes with a frolic (7).
12. The supporter discovers a woman in a little depression (8).
13. Return a letter for school in Latin (5).
15. Gave leave of absence to a hundred among those formerly employed? (7).
17. Twice retired around a place of retirement (7).
18. Journeys of a composer in a back street (7).
21. Saucy little broadcaster (7).
23. Japhet's son has a turn in a car (5).
24. The fabric came with hers damaged (8).
27. An irresponsible person puts a dish before the king (7).
28. Dissipated harem in town (7).
29. Equip a city (4).
30. Newspaper contributor who may discover rates varied except for one article (10).

DOWN

1. 'A woman well-reputed, ———'s daughter' (*Julius Caesar*) (4).
2. Unsettled when the number in charge include the insane (7).
3. Subject for autobiography? (5).
4. A mere tenpence for the end of the stock (7).
5. Ruler or voter (7).
7. Appeal to the devil with wisdom (7).
8. Welsh town which starts with a place where vehicles are sold (10).
9. The sparrow lays the emphasis on gold (8).
14. Verse meant to be revised in the apostle's name (10).
16. Hungarian musician who has leavings distributed (8).
19. Cornering sport (7).
20. Got hold of an animal amid the potential crop (7).
21. Excerpt consisting of a piece of writing about a fool (7).
22. There is a communist rising during hostilities; they are in charge of prisoners (7).
25. A painter, he gives advice in Latin (5).
26. Poet with nothing to spoil (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 262



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 262

D. Martin Dakin (*Hornchurch*), *G. G. Guest* (*Edinburgh*), *Miss E. J. Stern* (*London, NW6*)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

ST. Marylebone. Single & double accommodation with partial board available during summer months. Phone MAI. 4154.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

FURN. accom. 3 mins. Highgate Stn. Whole upper floor in small house comprising bed-sittingroom, kit.-dining, bathroom, W.C. Gas fires, tel. Quiet rd. Suit bus. or prof. lady. £4 wkly. (incl. elec.). Box 4495.

LARGE first-floor bed-sitting room for one lady; £2 15s. Share kitchen, bathroom, telephone, with one lady only. Bet. Belsize Park & Chalk Farm Underground. Box 4468.

NEWLY-built house, charming furn. flatlet overlooking gardens. Bath adjg. Built-in wardrobe, c.h.w. basin, ckg. facs., serv., linen. Bus. prof. lady. £3 10s. BAY. 4617.

WESTMINSTER: Bed-sit. rm. in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen, suit gentleman, 50s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

KEW. Lge. sgle. b./s. room, own bathrm., cooker. 2½ gns. inc. light. PRO. 6850.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. tube, Heath. Furn. b.-sit. for girl. Use k. & b. Box 4582.

WELL-furn. lge. div.-rm., share k., b. Nr. bus tube. GLA. 7272 after 3 p.m.

YOUNG man, 28, seeks another, view sharing Hampstead flat. Box 4573.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. ints. Single room 47s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

SUNNY bed-sit. N.W.8. Cen. htg., const. h.w., use tel., bath, kit., frig. 2½ gns. Suit prof. wom./univ. stud. Box 4536.

PROF./bus. women; div.-rms., kit., Hornsey, easy acc. City W.End. MOU. 5438.

LADY offers half-share furn. flat, Chelsea. Mod. rent. Cohen, day, VIC. 1348.

FURNISHED s/c flats, each sleeping 4, avail. Baker St. area. Box 4549.

SUPERIOR service rms. Dinner & brkfst. For discriminating people. PAR. 6280.

ATTRAC. flatlet to let (single divan). Close to Blackheath. 3 min. Lewisham Stn. Quiet house. £2 10s p.w. Box 4552.

PLEAS. bed-sitting-room to let in graduate household, close Barnes Common. Good k. & b. facs. 46s. p.w. PRO. 6418.

ST. John's Wd. Maisonette, nr. tube. 2 rms., k., b., tel. 8 gns. p.w. PRI. 6792.

YOUNG lady (Jewish) wishes to share her large comf. flat, N.W.3. area. PRI. 7378.

FURN. flat to let (W. Hampstead) Nov.-March. Lounge din.-rm., bedrm., kit. Every convenience. 6 gns. wkly. Box 4630.

GIRL offd. sgle. room, share flat. GER. 7015 or MAI. 9950 aft. 7.30 (Vincent).

HAMPSTEAD Flat, gentleman offers share. SW1. 3445 before 10 a.m./late at night.

YNG. bachelor wants another to share flat at Barnes. 2½ gns. p.w. Box 4624.

CHISWICK. Pleas. furn. room, ckg. facs. Bus or prof. woman. Mod. Box 4623.

FURN. modernised cottage beside West Looe River. Free Aug. 31 until Sept. 7. Shallowpool, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

S. KEN. Furn. rm., basin, phone, share b., k. 3 gns. p.w. F. only. Box 4606.

2 RMS. to let. Share lge. house, garden with 6 other yng. people. WIL. 3702.

SUIT retired nanny, handyman, etc. Newly dec. grd. flr. front room, S.W. Herts. Water/ckg. fac. Furn./part furn. Rent reduced for services. Box 4505.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGES

PROF. family, 2 c., in mod., s.c., fur. flat, 6 gns. p.w., Hammersmith, wd. like exchange similar North London. Box 4596.

YOUNG couple with toddler want exchange comf. London flat for two weeks before Sept. 15 for accessible seaside or country accommodation. 'Phone RIVerside 5595.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ARCHITECT seeks flat 3 rooms, pleasant locality close in like Dulwich Village, moderate rent or small cottage property to purchase further out. Sharp, 10 Prince Albert Rd., N.W.1. GUL. 4569.

GOOD-sized unfurnished room and kitchen in private house required September. Single business woman, very quiet and reasonable tenant. Willing redecorate. Inner London suburb, preferably S.W. Box 4504.

STUDIO flat required or artist (f) to share with. Central. MAY. 9171.

PROF. yng. lady, Jewish, reqs. b/s., h.c., meals optional. Hampstead. Box 4527.

YUGOSLAV, sks. s/c. fn. flat, grnd./1st flr. Earls Ct./Victoria. £4-5. Box 4594.

S. KEN. area, reqd.: Furn. b/s.; usual facs., partial board. No w/ends. Ed. man 30, music/lit. interests. Sept. 1. Box 4580.

DUTCH Concert Pianist & wife, young, need 1/2 furnished rooms from mid-October. Cooking facils. Good music not objected to. Pref: Cen. Lond. Write: Raymond Winter, 110, Evington Lane, Leicester.

MED. Sec., 35, seeks s/c. bed-sit. Central. Share facilities. Box 4555.

LECTURER reqs. s/c. flat, Central London. Suitable one/two persons. Box 4625.

BANK official and wife, middle-aged couple no children, seek furn. accom. Own kit. Cent. London. L.A.B., GER. 0594.

2 ENGL. bus. ladies, consid. tenants, sk. furn. flat. Own kit. L.A.B., GER. 3717.

AUSTRALIAN visitors req. furn. flats for 12 mnths. All districts. L.A.B., GER. 0594.

PROPERTIES TO LET

2 UNFURN. flats avail. shortly Notting Hill. 1 gnd. flr., 1 lge. upper. Both s/c. Min. 3 year lease. Box 4571.

3-BEDROOMED comf. furn. house, N. London garden suburb, 25 mins. Holborn. Newly dec., phone, frig. £10 10s. Box 4638.

UNF. whole/part hse. Old Town, Hastings. About £3 10s. Rates £22. Box 4627.

COTTAGE, Suffolk, own grounds. No bathroom but comfortably furnished. Lovely country. Suit writer, musician. 2 gns. wkly. Long let. PRI. 2090.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

EPPING. 3-bedroom semi-det. house. Garage, garden. Quiet road, pleasant for children. £2,750 o.n.o. Box 4545.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. Cottage, facing south. 2 sit., 2 bed. kitchenette, bath. Mains. Sea view. Garden. Price £1,900 freehold. Apply: 4, Carntodden Terrace.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

ARCHITECT offers his split-level 1954 centrally heated house, at top of Victorian road, at £4,100 for early sale. This is not for the 3 up and 2 down people. Details: Barnet 1266.

CORNWALL. Small farm in sheltered valley 2 miles north coast, 2 miles town. Attractive house, main water & elec. Tel. 7½ acres (more can be rented). Includes iron age earthwork. V. suitable learner-farmer (pigs, poultry). £3,000. Box 4581.

PERSONAL

SR.N., 2 childn., req. unf. cott. flat anywh., reas./exch. nurs. duties. Box 4600.

GIRL Civil Servant requires single bed-sitter, use of garden where dachshund puppy would be welcome. Willing to baby-sit, help housework in return. Box 4422.

HAS anyone cheap unfurn./furn. room for musician, September? Caretaking/other duties. Box 4577.

SIAMESE seal-point kittens, 10 weeks, £4 each. 'Phone PRO. 9472.

PIANO Bechstein Grand £100. No. 40021. Beautiful tone. No offers. PRI. 2090.

GERMAN conversation lessons required twice weekly thro. winter, Hampstead. Write: Holt, 19A, Wadham Gdns., N.W.3.

INTELLIGENT yng. man wd. like to find country week-end haunt where he could escape metropolitan deadliness. Cd. bring tent. Appreciates good company, intell. progressive views, music, simpler life. Box 4632.

LADY, 42, travelling Calcutta/Saigon, autumn, wishes work passage land/sea, or share exps. private party. Box 4635.

NICE, South of France. From Sept. 14. Furnished double bedroom and sitting-room, use bathroom and kitchen. Near seafront. Rent 4,000 fr. per week. Write Miss Ivanova, 33 Ladbroke Rd., London, W.11.

68ft. Diesel Launch. Berths evg. Aug. 30-Sept. 8. Ostend. £10 wk. PAD. 9440.

FRANCE, Riviera. Seat in car available Sept. 6 from London. Box 4637.

PARIS. Two car seats avail. Sept. 14-29. £6 each return. GUL. 4645 evgs.

MEANDERING journey to Venice and back, Sept. 16-Oct. 4 approx. Room for three available in Zephyr. VANdyke 4829.

JOIN Now. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Guinea Entrance fee suspended until Sept. 15. A few vacancies. Special terms for married couples.

ITALIAN, French, German knowledge for holidays. Easy, successful method. Also coaching to Univ. entrance. Mrs. Chanda, 4C Holford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 7322.

SOCIETY.—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

REST at Forest Sanctuary, Stutterheim, C.P., S. Africa. Apply: Lady Warden.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

PERSONAL—continued

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. Rehearsals of Bach's Christmas Oratorio (for Festival Hall performance), Purcell's Te Deum, Britten's St. Nicholas, commence Wed., Sept. 11, 8-10 p.m. Some vacancies for singers in all voices. Apply: Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3. HAM. 1688.

ORGANISERS and Others. If you wish your Dinner/Dance or other Social to be an "Occasion" rather than just another repetition, advertisers offer West End modern luxury amenities with catering at really reasonable rates. Box 4565.

THEATRE Group specialising in tape recordings of new plays invite dramatists to join them. Productions played to invited studio audience for marketing and criticism. No fees or expenses required, just plays of merit and interest. Langley Theatre Group, 123, Notting Hill Gate, W.11.

CREATIVE Writing: Sept. 6-9 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, led by Edgar Billingham.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

EARN money songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2½d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

KNOW-HOW means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.I. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W.1.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertex, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair". Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

HUMANISM is a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

A LARGE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

pleasantly situated in the West of England yet within convenient reach of London, has vacancies in its expanding

MARKET RESEARCH SECTION

for Women University Graduates under 26 years of age.

The work, which is in the new and interesting field of synthetic fibres and clothing, involves interviewing members of the public and assisting in the analysis and reporting of the data collected. Retail surveys are also undertaken. Interviewing both in London and in the provinces will take up a good half of the successful applicants' time. A full training is given, and previous experience is not essential. Box 4531.

BBC requires News Assistant in Belfast. To assist in preparation of Northern Ireland News programmes, news talks and other topicality material for Sound and Television. Good educational background, capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure, and journalistic experience essential. Knowledge of Northern Ireland affairs desirable. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosed addressed envelope and quoting reference G.139 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English Language. Salary will be in the range £A1,200—£80—£1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is Sept. 21, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the following posts: Lecturer in Mathematics; Lecturer in Russian. Salary range: £A1,050-£1,800 p.a. Commencing point within the range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Annual increments are £70. Further particulars, conditions of appointment and the summary form which must accompany applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applics. close, in Australia and London, on Sept. 28, 1957.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in the Department of Geology, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 30, 1957.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Design in the School of Art. The appointee should have a diploma or some other qualification in Fine Arts, and should be a practising craftsman in some one craft and have a broad general knowledge of others. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,315 per annum, rising by annual increments to £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 30, 1957.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Welfare of Handicapped Persons Other Than Blind. Home Work Organisers (2) reqd. in particular areas of Middlesex (at present Brentford & Enfield respectively) to seek work from commercial concerns which can be performed by handicapped persons at home or at a Centre, & to supervise the work generally. Car desirable; allowance considered. Salary (38-hr. wk. Apt. I £573 5s. (annual increments) to £655 5s. p.a. if 26 yrs. or over. Similar part-time (27 hrs. p. wk. vacancy in Wembley at proportionate salary (no car required). Prescribed conditions. Further particulars from Chief Welfare Officer, 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1 (state which post) by September 2 (Quote V167 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Applicants should have a first-class Honours degree in Classics, and some experience of University teaching. A special interest in Ancient History is desirable, though not essential. The salary attached to this position will be at the rate of £1,315 per annum, rising by annual increments to £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 30, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Administration. Candidates should have experience in research and social work. Duties to commence on January 1, 1958. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than August 31, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting and unusual residential posts available in home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 5-10, 20 miles from Central London: House Mother. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children. Junior Assistant House Mother. Previous experience not essential, if candidates have decided to make child care their career. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Applications invited from men or women with suitable quals. and exper. for appointment as Warden of Heatham House Youth Centre, Twickenham. Centre for cultural and recreational activities, with membership of 300-400 drawn from youth organisations. Salary A.P.T. I, £543 5s to £625 5s p.a. plus London Weighting, commencing salary determined having regard to exper. and quals. Established, 44-hr. wk., including evening and week-end work. One full day p. wk. free. Prescribed conditions. Application forms and particulars from Borough Education Officer, 69 The Green, Twickenham, Middlesex, returnable by August 28. (Quote V.824. N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. initially for child guidance work at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre. P.T.A. quals. & salary. Exper. desirable but newly qualified candidates considered. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Road, Hounslow, returnable by August 31 (Quote V841 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury, has vacancy Sept. first-class resident English/History master, pref. young, able interest boys 9-13. Also vacancies boys Sept., reduced fees 6-8 years. Write Headmaster.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at the Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, for up to eight sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training and/or equiv. exper. in Child Psychotherapy. Payment: £2 10s p. three-hr. session, or appropriate proportion of whole-time scale, i.e., £1,075 15s-£1,292 12s (female), £1,150-£1,400 (male) if employed over 6 sessions p. wk. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by September 9. (Quote V.825, N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

SECRETARY Warden with ideas, understanding and experience for pre-war Community Association. Centre in growing South Birmingham area. Salary £600/700. Small flat available. Forms from B.C.C.A., 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

WANTED: person to be in charge of holiday and weekend home in Chilterns connected with London Day School. Candidates attracted by this educational project invited to apply, weekend or full-time post. Box 4567.

HAMPSTEAD Old People's Welfare Association require immediately experienced social worker as organising secretary. Write with copies of testimonials to 107 Kingsgate Road, N.W.6. £450 per annum.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VACANCY.—Head of Social Insurance Department of National Union of Mineworkers. Salary £1,017 per annum. Contributory Superannuation Scheme. Apply for full details to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 5, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

DURHAM County Council. Planning Department. Research Assistant, primarily for industrial problems. Salary £814 17s 6d rising to £994 5s p.a. Applicants must be graduates with honours in Geography and Economics and experienced in research or in industry. Housing available at Peterlee and Newton Aycliffe, 12 miles from Durham. Forms and particulars from County Planning Officer, 10, Church Street, Durham. Closing date August 26, 1957. Canvassing members of the Council is prohibited. J. K. Hope, Clerk of the County Council.

HOUSE Secretary, Beatrice Webb House. Salary according to qualifications: accommodation available. Part-time employment considered. Further particulars from Mr. F. Smith, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking.

RESEARCH Institution reqs. competent shorthand-typist with good speeds; 5-day week; hours 9.30-5.30; good hols. Box 4618.

GUILDFORD Theatre Club Limited. The Board of Directors of the Guildford Theatre Club Limited will shortly be appointing a General Manager. Details of the appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Guildford Theatre Club Limited, Guildford Theatre, North St., Guildford, Surrey. The latest date for applications to be received is September 5.

YOUNG Man, preferably from Public School, offered Good Management—Training and Salary in progressive Chick-Hatchery (South Midlands). Good prospects to enthusiastic and willing worker. Box 4537.

ADVANCE Tours and Publicity Manager, male or female. Mobile theatre touring North West. Interesting and vital post. Apply The Century Theatre, Regd. Office, 16 Station Rd., Hinckley, Leics.

POPULAR women's magazine seeks staff to answer readers' queries. Fast typing and good English essential. Age 21-40. Box 4642.

BOX Office Assistant, full or p.-time, wanted by Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq.

WANTED, experienced secretary and junior shorthand-typist, West End producing management. Write full particulars, salary required. Box 4542.

SECRETARY reqd. end of August for small firm of City Architects. Salary £500-£600 p.a. No Sats. Previous knowl. of architectural terms not necessary. CLE. 8529/2164.

HEAL & Son, Ltd. have a vacancy in their Craftsman's Market for an experienced Sales Assistant (female). Apply by letter, stating age, experience and salary required, to Staff Officer, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

EDITOR of monthly magazine concerned primarily with architecture and the arts wants secretary. Specialist knowledge not so important as competence, intelligence and an interest in architecture. Please send full details of experience, age and salary required to Box 4551.

WE now offer attractive well-paid temporary jobs by the week or part-time in all the best districts. Let us help you to choose the one that suits you. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

COPY-Typist (able to type English and either French or Spanish) required by International organisation in London. Salary £8 5s. per week; three weeks holiday per annum; luncheon vouchers; normally 5-day week (9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.); new offices in Piccadilly. Post open to non-British citizens. Apply in writing to The Secretary, International Tin Council, 35 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

FAST typist for translation agency from mid-Sept. French or German native tongue. 1st Class English. Fascinating work. Write: Sectra, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

BOOK-KEEPER/secretary for Architects' office nr. Baker St. Salary £650. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

TEMPORARY & Permanent Secretarial Jobs. Languages? Ring MAY. 6336. Savoy Agency, 487, Oxford St., W.1.

TEMP. (10-5) Sh. Typists, Copy Typists, Clerks (to £9 plus O.T.). Also permanent male/female office staff. Lawsen Agency, 63, Moorgate, E.C.2. MON. 6393.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man (22) student in London requires evening week-end work from Sept. Anything considered. Box 4592.

YOUNG Woman teacher with son 3½ years old seeks position in residential school. Able to teach foreign languages and drama. Refs. given. AMHerst 9586 or Box 4586.

PART-time employment reqd. by educated man with social, theatrical, eductnl., literary & editorial experience. Box 4629.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MARRIED woman doctor (registered) would welcome suggestions for part-time employment approx. 9.30-2.30, ress. remun., free Oct. London area. Box 4595.

WOMAN graduate (40's), Geography specialist, wants part-time work. Free after Xmas. Prefers S.E. counties. Expd. research, editing, typing. Box 4146.

LIVELY Anglo-Belgian (f) 22 seeks change pref. abroad. Secretarial exp. Driving licence. Varied interests. Box 4415.

TEXTILE designer: Full- or part-time. London area. Plastics, furnishing, dress, wall-papers. Can start now. Box 4523.

YNG. woman (29), Soc. Sci. Dip., organising exp., sks. work, intg. purposeful, pref. international, London area. Box 4622.

ADAPTABLE 21-yr.-old B.Sc. (Hons. Chemistry London) seeks post Rome or Milan. Anything considered. Box 4607.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff m. or f. are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

VERBATIM Shorthand Writers, Duplicating, Typing, Translating. Mabel Fyfes Duplicating & Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAY VACANCIES

You can still be included in our late August or September arrangements in Switzerland, Austria, Spain, Italy, South of France, Yugoslavia, or in Britain. Special suggestion: house party on Lake Geneva during Montreux Music Festival and Lausanne Fair. Costs from £14 18s. (Britain) or £29 abroad.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

JOIN a friendly party visiting Spain (Aug. 30-Sept. 14, 35½ gns.), Kandersteg (Aug. 30-Sept. 10, 26½ gns.), Austria (dep. Sept. 6 or 13) or Italian Lakes (Aug. 26-Sept. 9, 42 gns.). Pathfinder Tours, 77 Carter Lane, E.C.4 (CITy 5835). Also Highland house-party, Pitlochry, Sept. 14-28.

BON Viveur Late Season Holidays with the accent on good living. Paris-Brussels, Portugal-Spain, Italy, Sicily, etc. 1 Knightsbridge Stn. Arcade (Underground Harrods end), S.W.3. KNI. 9788.

FOOD AND DRINK

GAY Hussar Hungarian Restaurant, 2 Greek St., Soho Sq. GER. 0973. Small, intimate, relaxing. Fully licensed.

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Orford St., W.1. GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc., from our ground floor boutique.

EVERY flat-looking meal can be greatly improved with a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

FEELING Fogbound? Stand at your window with a glass of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. Watch the mist turn rosy.

THE Most Memorable Toast is that which is buttered and spread with Burgess Anchovy paste.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school, 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5 mile radius.

QUEENS House Day School for Girls, 69 Fitzjohn's Ave., N.W.3. Tel. HAM. 1306. 8-18 yrs. General course to university entrance standard. Small classes. Prospectus on application.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. Day school for boys & girls of 5-13. Inspected by the Scottish Education Department. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.